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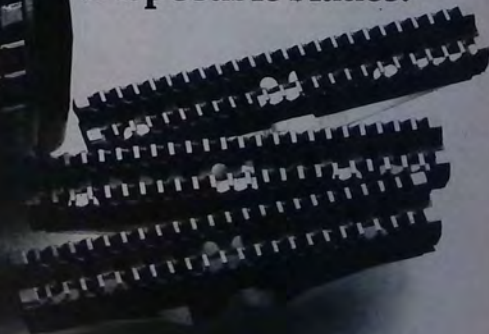


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October 24, 1969

Volume 67, Number 17

LIFE is published weekly, except one issue of year end, by Time Inc., 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Illinois 60611, principal office in New York City, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized at special rate by the Post Office Department of Ottawa, Canada and for payment of postage in cash. U.S. subscription \$12.50 a year and Canadian subscription \$15.00 a year.

EDITORS' NOTE

Fifty Great Dinners Turn into a Cookbook

"Please help me," begged the UCLA professor in a recent letter to Senior Editor Eleanor Graves. "The Great Dinners series is wonderful but messy. My study is littered with torn-out pages. When there are intervening advertising photos, things get even more mixed up. And the loose pages are so large. Can you offer some hope for the future?" It so happens Eleanor can. Having masterminded a total of 64 Great Dinners over the last five years, she has now compiled what she considers the 50 best into a GREAT DINNERS FROM LIFE cookbook. This week's essay on the well-stocked larder (pp. 54-61) is one of the new features included in the book.

While the series was running, Eleanor got hundreds of fan letters. The most unlikely came from a Marine who had tried several recipes. "I have received highest commendation on my unheard-of pastime," he wrote. "My friends are aghast at what they are eating—they can't get enough."

"The worst repercussion," says Eleanor, "came when I was sitting in my office one day and heard some commotion outside. A man on crutches with a very conspicuous bandage around his foot was demanding to see the food editor. He introduced himself as a New York bachelor who had planned a whole glamorous dinner party around some recipes he'd read in LIFE. The main dish was a *fondue bourguignonne* which calls for about a quart of boiling oil. He was carrying it out to his terrace when the thing spilled, and he'd spent the last three weeks in Bellevue Hospital. The man hadn't come in to sue or to denounce the Swiss, but I guess to show us one of the far-reaching effects of our work."

Usually, cooking Great Dinners is less perilous than photographing them. Most of our food pictures are taken in the Time Inc. studio—a vast cavernous room equipped with a test kitchen. It took days to shoot a single picture of a poached salmon embedded in a huge block of ice. Under the hot floodlights, the ice melted, submerging a network of electric cables. Everyone sloshed about in galoshes, expecting electrocution at any moment. Another time, a reporter assisting Photographer John Dominis on a picture of a steak *au poivre* spent an eight-hour day with a handkerchief tied over her nose, grinding a pepper mill until she achieved exactly the right shower of peppercorns. The men at the local Italian fish market shudder slightly whenever they have to deal with our food department. The last reporter to buy a fish needed it for a picture of *huachinango à la Veracruzana* (red snapper Veracruz style). She knew exactly what she wanted. The fish had to be precisely 13 inches long in order to look just right on the platter. And because the fish was to be photographed facing left, it didn't matter what its right eye looked like, but the left one had to be perfect.

Ralph Graves

RALPH GRAVES
Managing Editor

To order book send name and address plus check or money order for \$9.95 to: GREAT DINNERS FROM LIFE, Time-Life Books, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Ill. 60611



(A rueful report from the MONY files of frustrating cases)

GOLIATH: That's me, pal, Goliath, Single Combat Champion of the World. Like I said it in poetry in the *Daily Philistine*, "Though men of many nations trieth/No one yet hath beat Goliath."

MONY MAN: Sir, little things in life's big hopper/Often make us come a cropper. But we at MONY are not known for our poetry. We're known for being one of the strongest life and health insurance companies in the world.

GOLIATH: All the strength I need to protect my wife and kiddies is packed in this sword. Anyway, paying premiums doth give me a pain.

MONY MAN: Frankly, Mr. Goliath, they doth give many people a pain. But MONY has a plan that makes it almost painless. It's called MONY-matic. Monthly payments are automatically deducted from your bank account and...

GOLIATH: Even so, life insurance is for ordinary mortals, not for me. I'll live to be a hundred!

Ed. Note: As is known to one and all, Goliath met up with a young harp player named Little David and went out and got stoned. And while his demise was popular with most of the populace, it wasn't with his penniless wife and kiddies. Which brings us to the following moral.

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company Of New York

A Rascal Meets the Spider

Mr. Brown didn't want to demonstrate his criminal-apprehending device until he could find the shortish gentleman in the greenish jacket, the one from New Jersey security. The inventor had come from England and set up a booth at the inventors' show in the New York Coliseum precisely in the hope of meeting "genuine law enforcement people." And now a most promising encounter seemed to be ending with Mr. Brown on tiptoe, searching the crowded aisles for his man.

As I watched him in his moment of frustration, it occurred to me that as Mr. Brown was a somewhat shortish man himself, his unaided eye could not achieve the best purchase for locating another shortish person in a tallish crowd. I hardly needed a light bulb over my head to inform me that I'd hit upon a Marketable Idea of my own: *Little Guy*, the personal periscope that adds yards to your height, then telescopes down to fountain-pen size for convenient pocket storage.

I cautioned myself that the surge of insight that led to *Little Guy* might be caused simply by the nearness of so many seminal minds. PATEXPO '69 had been billed as the world's biggest inventors' show, four big days of random breakthroughs by more than 200 inventors. Naturally, I arrived prepared to be terrorized by a preview of the cybernetic-module-implant future, with banks of electronic show-offs scattered around and machines doing all the talking.

How delightful then to discover a hall full of inventors far less concerned with

exploring the mindless future than with spackling little holes in the past. Roy A. Smith was showing his ladder leveler. Dr. John Stifter his safety-bottle pill dispenser. Alfred Firth his buoyant plug. There was a floating soap dish, an automatic dog feeder, an electric baby rocker, a driverless phantom lawnmower, guaranteed to do the job and put itself back in the garage. The place was like a *Popular Mechanics* retrospective, afloat in tidying, cozying gadgets for school, office and home.

It was tempting to look upon the exhibit as a huge elaboration of the standard Patent Office cartoon: row upon row of earnest men in tweed coats and bow ties balancing unlikely brain children on their laps. But the inventors were a remarkably stony-looking lot, a look that in many cases owed itself to brushes with disreputable idea brokers and other agents of the unwelcoming world. A few seemed to luxuriate in the reflected glow of their creations, but most appeared saddled with their genius, as though they had been sentenced by their own imaginations to spend their lives preaching the merits of the self-heating lunch pail or repeating pea-shooter. Strolling the aisles between trivertise skis and toothpick holders and Saf-Tite paint-can brackets, I found myself thinking, Gee, I'm glad I didn't think of that.

Then it dawned on me that what I lacked as an inventor was the low frustration threshold that led one to recognize every little nuisance or discomfort as something that had to be cured. After a lifetime of baths, I was still content to grope for plug or soap (often making a little game of it, in fact). All that was holding me back was my attitude of mild acceptance, and that I could change in a stroke.

I was just envisioning the *Friend-in-a-Haystack Crowd Standard*—a three-foot pole mounted on a convenient plastic headband and topped with a color-coded flag for E-Z identification—when Mr. Brown abandoned his search for the shortish policeman and announced that he would demonstrate *The Spider* anyway. *The Spider* looked as lethal as a longshoreman's hook, but the inventor explained that its chief virtue lay in taking the sting out of hot-pursuit arrests. At a touch of its handle-mounted trigger, *The Spider* would launch a lightweight fishnet capable of ensnaring a fleeing rascal 10 steps away.

by Barry Farrell

"Rascal" was Mr. Brown's own word, and hearing it made me wonder if he appreciated the ferocity of the modern American street rascal. I suggested that the embarrassment of being caught in the net might be acute enough to put the net-launcher in some peril, especially if the rascal were armed with a net-piercing weapon, such as a gun. Mr. Brown said he could see the difficulty there, then drifted off into describing other uses for his net: pigeon control, perhaps.

But my mind was racing ahead to the drawing board. *Dial-a-Fright* would permit a Cheshire villager such as Mr. Brown to call any street in the world and get an instant fear-and-apprehension reading. *Video-Vibe* could store the data in a memory bank, for home viewing at the owner's convenience. This would remove the unwanted risk of stalking rascals with fishnets in Grade "X" dangerous zones.

Still, the Katzenjammer image of the police net squad combing the streets was a decided improvement on the choking reality of tear gas and Mace, and a welcome alternative to the multiaggressive *Buddy Stick* that Correction Officer Raymond Finn was exhibiting across the hall.

A young girl materialized at Mr. Brown's side, ready to play the part of the purse thief to Mr. Brown's "typical shopper." We stepped through a curtain into a dim and empty space. "Now, if you'll just start off at a jog when I give the signal, we'll have a go," the inventor said, carefully leveling his *Spider*. The girl took a step and Mr. Brown fired. A frail white net billowed forth and settled softly over the unprotected shoulders of the girl. It was, beyond all doubt, the gentlest arrest I have ever witnessed, and the brilliance of its execution gave the inventor new stature in my eyes.

"There, you see, it's really quite impossible for this young lady to extricate herself," Mr. Brown said confidently, stepping forward to give her a hand. It took them several long minutes to untangle bracelets and hairpins and high heels from the butterfly prison. And while I could see that the process might be speeded with a pair of handy, collapsible *Freedom Now* net shears, I found it so entrancing that my inventor's zeal flagged, leaving me content to stand and watch, wishing only for a pair of U-R-There magnifying goggles.

Barring unusual circumstances, permanent press clothing cannot get wrinkled in this dryer.

If this lady didn't own this particular dryer, she'd be in a lot of trouble. Because if permanent press clothes aren't taken out of an ordinary dryer right after the cycle is completed, wrinkles set in. And as you can see, this lady is tied up and can't get to the dryer.

Fortunately, the dryer in this picture is not an ordinary one. It's a Whirlpool dryer

with Finish Guard™. And what Finish Guard does is quite extraordinary.

To begin with, after the normal cool-down cycle ends a buzzer sounds. If the clothing is not removed within 5 minutes, the dryer starts up again for 10 seconds (without heat) and retumbles the clothing. Then the buzzer sounds again.

This process takes place every 5 minutes for 2½ hours, or until the

Whirlpool
CORPORATION

clothing is removed. Which means that you have time to take care of your other chores instead of hovering over the dryer all day.

Incidentally, the lady in the picture was saved by her faithful companion, Fido, who managed to gnaw through her bonds exactly 2 hours and 27 minutes after Finish Guard went into operation, thereby giving her two minutes to restore her circulation and another minute to remove the clothes.



A model rascal, helpless yet amiable in *The Spider's* web

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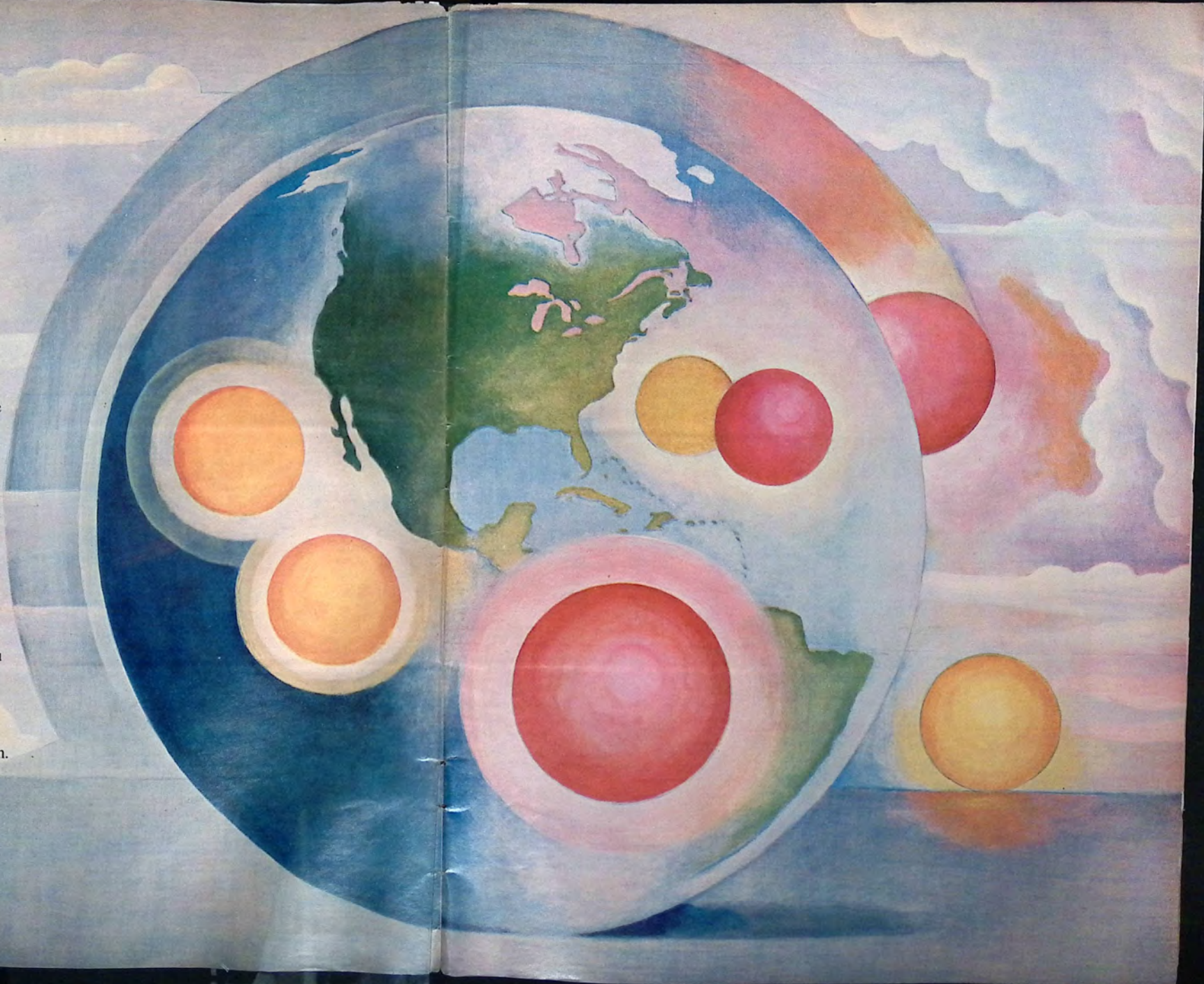
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GALLERY

Black-and-white is the natural medium of the gentle Amish folk who live near Kalona, Iowa. And in black-and-white John Zielinski, a student of the Famous Photographers School, succeeded in capturing the ebullience that, contrary to public belief, the Amish are nonetheless capable of—among themselves.

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it's Coca-Cola.
Here and now.

Modern Masters Amid the Old

NEW YORK PAINTING AND SCULPTURE AT THE MET

For 30 years now, New York has provided the setting for an incessant, sometimes rampant stream of creativity. During this period, the so-called School of New York has dominated Western art in much the same way that the School of Paris did in the first half of the century. Such a flowering is without precedent in American art, so it is appropriate that the Metropolitan Museum should acknowledge this phenomenon by launching its centennial celebration with a vast exhibition called "New York Painting and Sculpture, 1910-1970." For the viewer there are several advantages in having this show at the Met. We are given the opportunity to see how the modern masters hold up in such close proximity to the old masters. And the Metropolitan has just the right kind of space. The show meanders through 35 sky-lit galleries, an area of 52,000 square feet—nearly double the exhibition space available, for instance, at the Whitney Museum of American Art.

The show is glorious. By enabling us to see in quantity the work of 43 artists, we can appreciate some of the major accomplishments of the last three decades—from the realism of Edward Hopper to the abstract expressionism of De Kooning to the

shaped canvases of Frank Stella. Many painters are given entire galleries in what amounts to a series of one-man capsule retrospectives—Pollock, Rothko, Newman, Reinhardt, Hofmann, Rauschenberg and others. The sculpture ranges from a 25-foot Calder mobile, to Tony Smith's six-foot steel cube, to Andy Warhol's 17-inch Brillo box.

In effect the show is an anthology and can be enjoyed for its sheer abundance of major works. Since, however, the anthology was put together by one man—in this case, Henry Geldzahler, the Metropolitan's curator of contemporary art—it seems fair to try to assess it in terms of his conception. Geldzahler has confined his selection of artists to those he curiously calls "defectors"—the innovators, as he explains in his catalogue essay, "who have been crucial in re-directing the history of painting and sculpture in the past three decades."

Geldzahler declares that his show is "an evaluation, a sorting out of major themes and figures." It's not much of an "evaluation," however, as it offers no new insights and scarcely alters existing conceptions of the period. Because most of the "sorting out" was done some time ago by other critics and historians, Geldzahler's pan-



Kenneth Noland's "Teton Noir," 1961

theon turns out to be fairly conventional, a consensus of informed taste in the New York art world. Just why Geldzahler admires these works is muffled in his sweeping claim to have selected "works of quality and stature by those artists who have positioned the major problems and solutions of our immediate tradition." At no point, however, does he so much as hint at what those problems are or what their solutions might be, or attempt to define their "quality and stature." Maybe it's because, as he says, the "rules change as fast as new problems and solutions are set." And this, in turn, might explain why the show "was conceived as an accumulation of 30 years of solutions to a constantly changing set of problems."

As an art writer, Geldzahler obviously has problems. His catalogue essay brims with irrelevant prattle about other New York museums, about art magazines and galleries, mass media, the Venice Biennale, the

New York real estate industry and tax laws—and is alarmingly uninformative about the art. Where the tone is not glib, it is authoritarian, substituting a simple fiat for explanation. He devotes more space to Olitski's "complex" gallery affiliations, for instance, than he does to Olitski's art, about which all we are told is that the "low-lying sprayed aluminum sculptures are as subtle and full of implications for the future as anything in the art of the past decade."

There is of course a great deal that can be said about the power structure and promotional apparatus of the New York art world, and Geldzahler is perhaps uniquely qualified to say it. But after assembling all this magnificent art, it seems a shame that instead of treating it with the serious analysis it deserves, he reduces the show to the superficial level of a Hit Parade.

by David Bourdon
LIFE Assistant Editor

David Smith's untitled stainless steel sculpture, 1962-3



Jasper Johns's "Device Circle," 1959



The Yardstick.

Sooner or later, almost every toothpaste gets around to comparing itself to Crest.

And for good reason. We're a cavity-fighter. And we work.

The reason we work is fluoride.

Sometimes we think we invented fluoride. We didn't. But we've been helping to protect America's teeth for a long time.

And from the beginning, fighting cavities was the whole idea behind Crest.

In 1960, Crest was accepted by the American Dental Association.

By now, a whole generation of Americans has grown up on Crest. And have a lot of healthy teeth to show for it.

That's something to measure up to. So have regular checkups, watch between-meal treats, and brush after eating with Crest.

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Modern Masters Amid the Old

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David Smith's untitled stainless steel sculpture, 1962-3



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We don't just cover up the noise. We build in the quiet.

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column. Easier-to-use Uni-Lock Safety Harness. And a new ventilation system so quiet only the coolness tells you it's working.

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Ford gives you Better Ideas . . . it's the Going Thing!

FORD 



Newman as Butch,
Redford as Sundance

A Lot of Guns, Some Feathers and Wine

A ROUNDUP OF FILMS

It is *The Wild Bunch* for people who couldn't stand *The Wild Bunch*. That is to say, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* is funny instead of grim, elegiac instead of horrifying as it treats the same theme as the earlier film—the closing of our western frontier and the consequent technological displacement of its handlit population.

The new film is distinguished by William Goldman's genuinely humorous gag writing (the well-known novelist is so drawn to these characters that he once used Sundance's real name, Harry Longbaugh, as a pen name) and by lively performances in the title roles by Paul Newman and Robert Redford. The former imparts to Butch the easy good nature of the most popular guy in the fraternity house; the latter gives Sundance the cool competence, the canny reserve of a star athlete. Both are more interesting than your standard good-bad guys and there is between them something quite rare in our films, a real masculine relationship, the depth of which is greater than they know.

It is deeper, perhaps, than either Goldman or the director, George Roy Hill, knew. For although this is a highly entertaining, extraordinarily pleasant movie, I found I could not completely give my heart to it. For one thing, Goldman shares with his brother James (who wrote *The Lion in Winter*) what seems to me a near-fatal attraction to anachronistic dialogue: it makes you laugh all right, but it also often destroys one's sense of mood and time and place. There are also some strange emphases in Hill's direction: for example, a comic lake-riding sequence with Newman and Katharine Ross that is apparently included as an excuse to get a really terrible song—the worst thing in Burt Bacharach's inappropriate score—into the film. A long chase, the heart of the film, in which Butch and the Kid confront the frightening new efficiency of the Pinkerton detective agency (and see the handwriting on their wall) never develops the tension it should because Mr. Hill wants the

pursuers understood as artful abstractions—the forces of modernism, I guess—rather than as menacing individuals. Perhaps worse than that is the way the impact of the final tragedy is dissipated. Butch and the Kid have fled to Bolivia seeking an open frontier. But it is a mess, and instead of a sense of growing desperation we get . . . more jokes. There, at last, Butch must do what he has never done before, kill to avoid being killed. It should be a moment of high drama, but it is glossed over by the use of that new (and already used-up) convention of screen violence, death in be-yoo-tiful slow motion. The result is that when Butch and the Kid are finally, fatally trapped by the local soldiery, we don't care as much as we want to about their fate.

It seems to me that all along the way in this movie the people responsible for it have taken the easy, crowd-pleasing choices. The thought nags at me that perhaps the western is an essentially primitive form best undertaken by people with direct and simplifying sensibilities (the master of the form, John Ford, springs to mind). Goldman's sensibility is modern and urban (as witness his fine script for *Harper*) and perhaps, despite his obvious love for this material, he does not entirely trust it. The same may be true of Hill, whose best film is a fable about city kids, *The World of Henry Orient*.

Still, *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* is a perfectly harmless and quite entertaining film, and it looks awfully good in comparison to something like *The Good Guys and the Bad Guys*. This is also about a couple of gunmen who have outlived their age—Robert Mitchum as a town marshal and George Kennedy, his old nemesis, who briefly overcomes but ultimately is undone by progress, the closing of the frontier, etc., etc. It's tiresome, isn't it, when the time of a great idea finally arrives? There are, in this film, quite a few visual and thematic references to its betters—notably *High Noon* and *Ride the High Country*—but they only emphasize

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you
could be
in for a
big
shock.



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the witlessness of the script, the slackness of the acting and the tired quality of Burt Kennedy's direction.

Indeed, the movie compares quite unfavorably to a more traditional western, *The Undefeated*, which stars John Wayne and Rock Hudson. The old frontier is alive and well in the Duke's mind and in that of his director, Andrew V. McLaglen. The stars portray Civil War enemies who get to be friends down Mexico way when they are beset by banditos, Juarez and the French soldiers employed by the unlamented puppet, Maximilian. Wayne and Hudson are, respectively, trying to sell some horses and seeking a sanctuary from which the South could rise again. The film is a compendium of clichés, both situational and humorous, but done with a kind of old-boyish evincerance that excuses a lot. The horses are pretty and Big John somehow ends up on the side of the revolutionaries, which must have been a nasty shock to him.

It is no more surprising, however, than finding easy-riding James Garner portraying *Marlowe*, Raymond Chandler's famous private eye. The seedy, smart-talking and incorruptible private detective is to our movie actors what Hamlet is to the English Shakespearians, I suppose—an irresistible challenge a man cannot refuse. Garner is thus up against our memories of Dick Powell, Robert Montgomery and Humphrey Bogart as Marlowe, not to mention another dozen or so actors who have played characters derived from him. Garner gives it his best shot and he gets the wisecracking part just right. But the inner toughness, the dark, hard side of the character, eludes him. Not that he gets much help from anyone. Stirling Silliphant's show-biz Yiddishisms are not funny and not appropriate to Marlowe. And Director Paul Bogart goes for a weird atmospheric mix, keeping Marlowe's crummy, picturesque 1940s-style office intact in the Los Angeles of the 1960s. It is ridiculous when contrasted to the hippie scene, the high rises, the TV production centers. Sure, Marlowe is supposed to be out of step, but he would be out of step in quite a new way today. I felt as if I were having a very bumpy ride in a time machine instead of watching a film. The plot remains a reasonable approximation of Chandler's *The Little Sister*, as I recall it, and it is too complex to summarize here, especially since what's wrong with the picture is adequately indicated by Garner's wardrobe.

Where does Marlowe, who has famously taken a vow of poverty, get off wearing hand-out, beautifully shaped suits that must have set M-G-M back at least \$400 apiece? Still, Garner at least has a suit to cover himself, which is more than Christopher Plummer has in *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, a turgid thing

based on a play of a few years back. He's out there in feathers, a loin cloth and long fingernails, impersonating some Inca chieftain set upon by Pizarro and his conquistadores, and forced by either embarrassment or historicism to speak in a fruity falsetto. I used to think Mr. Plummer was the least appealing actor in the world (remember how he subtly communicated his sense of being ever so much better than *The Sound of Music*, just as if all of us weren't?), but after careful study I have decided his co-star in this venture, Robert Shaw (as Pizarro), takes the palm. He has two voices, loud and soft, and two postures, legs apart and legs together, but only one expression—honest simplicity. It is not enough, though perhaps more than sufficient for the subtleties of this movie.

Or for something like Stanley Kramer's *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*. Peasant comedy is not exactly my favorite genre, and I could never understand the success of Robert Grieston's novel about the Italian village cunningly hiding its supply of wine from the occupying Germans. But no matter—I'm sure it was good if you like that sort of thing. Mr. Kramer's movie is not. It strikes me as a director at once tone-deaf and colorblind and compensating for those defects by endlessly kicking us in the slats and gouging us in the eye. His work is without taste, style or pace, and all you can say for the latest demonstration of his utter lack of artistry is that, for once, he is not employing it to travesty some fairly important idea. For him, that's progress.

by Richard Schickel



Four Marlowes: James Garner in *Marlowe*, Humphrey Bogart in *The Big Sleep*, Dick Powell in *Murder, My Sweet* and Robert Montgomery, seen in a mirror (the only way he appeared in the movie), in *The Lady in the Lake*.

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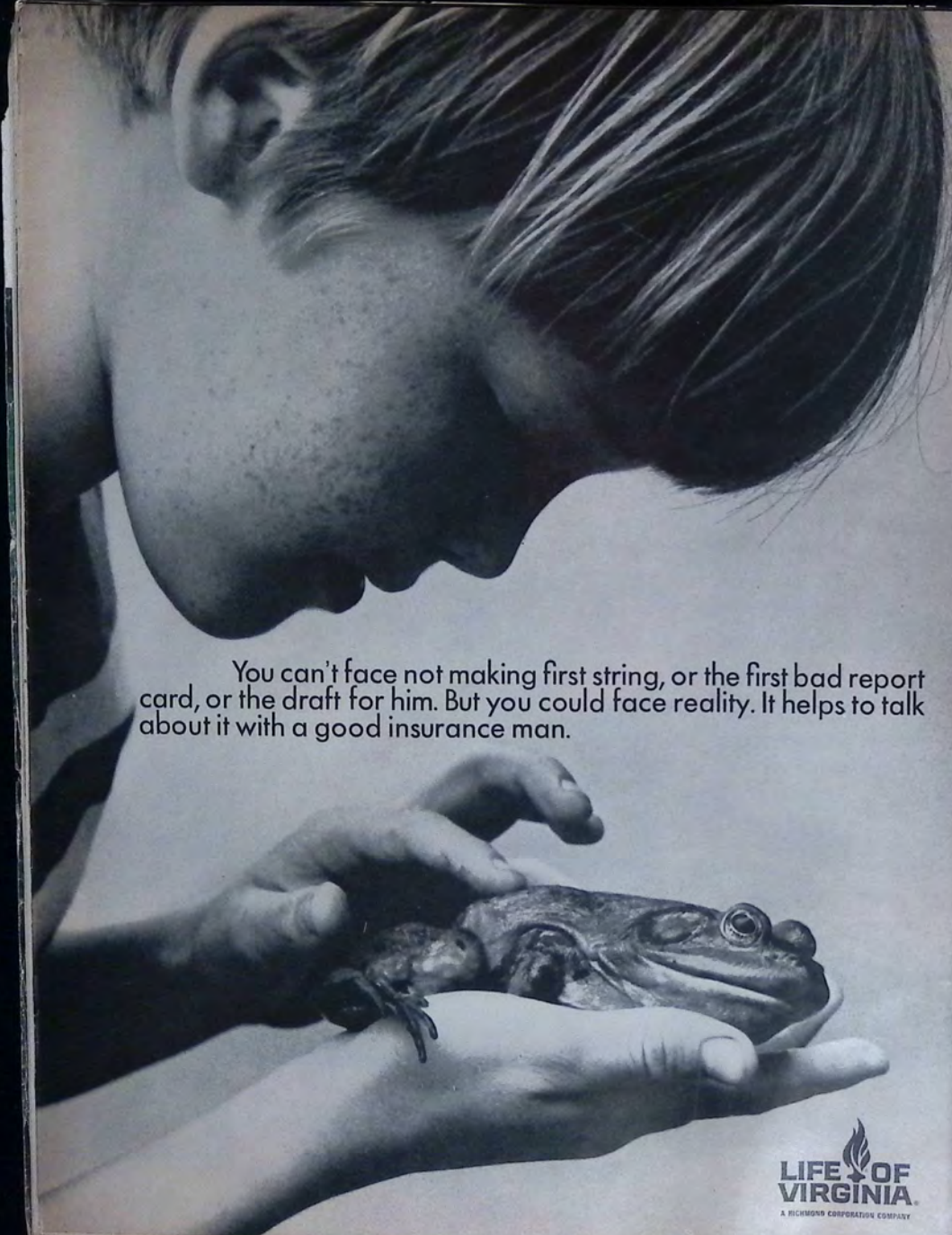
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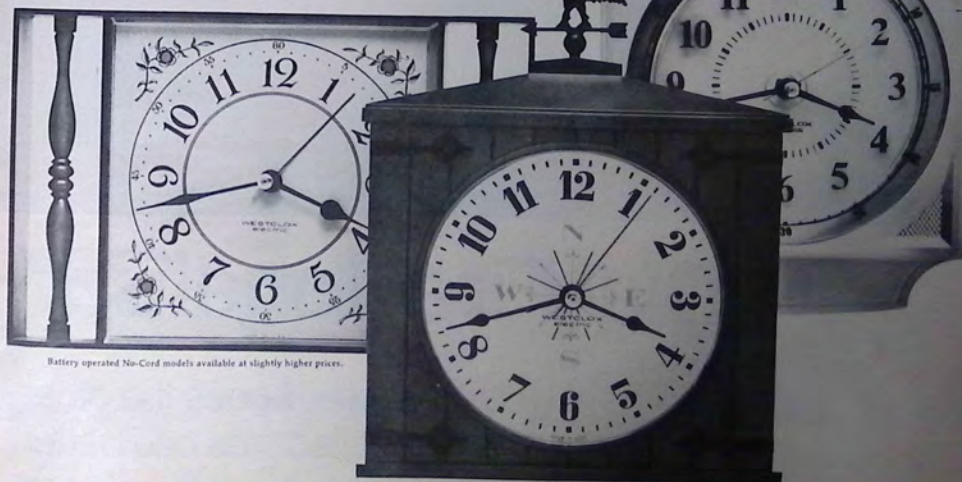
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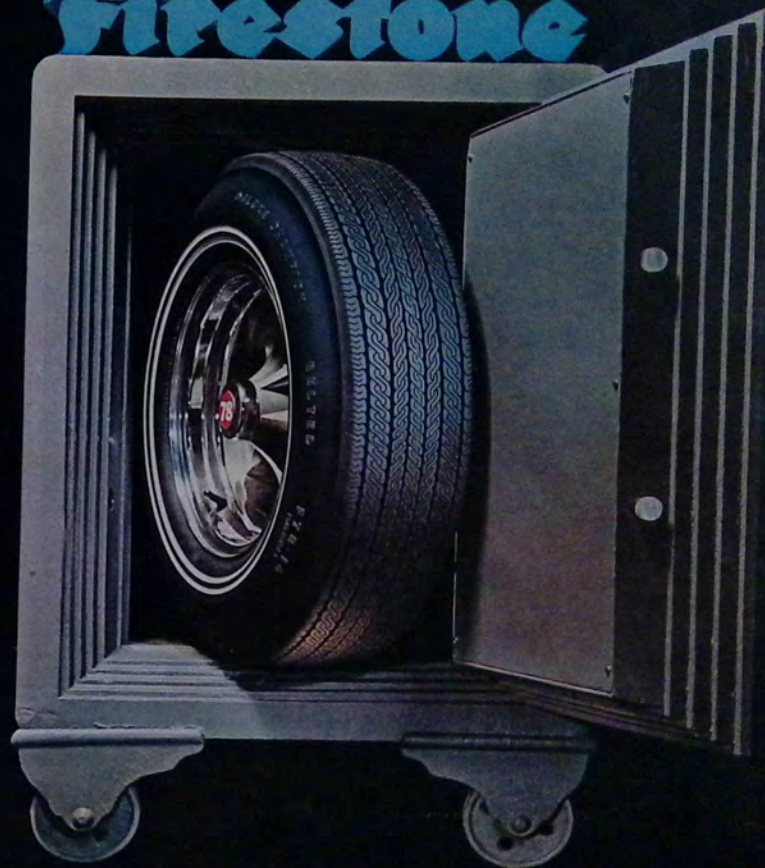
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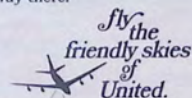


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who dreamt about the day someone would find her
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Larry Strydom at age 9 and 21. He photographed by Richard A. Anderson for De Peuter Corral and Mosaic, Ltd.



Ask your jeweler to explain how cut, color, clarity and carat weight determine the value and price of an engagement diamond. Many have the booklet "The Day You Buy a Diamond."

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

UNDERCOVER CHICKENFURTER

Sirs:
Shades of Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle* (William Zinsler's "No Stomach for the Undercover Chickenfurter," Oct. 3).

L. PETERSON

Sylmar, Calif.

Sirs:

I have crunched into my last fatturter, bonefurter, sinewfurter, nervefurter, bloodfurter and featherfurter. That's enough—I'll go no further.

HENRY L. BLUM JR.

Baltimore, Md.

Sirs:

What's wrong with chicken in hot dogs anyway? I think it would be great!

MRS. AUSTIN HUNTER

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

Now I'm wondering what part of the chicken is used.

EDNA RUTZLAFF

Dakota, Ill.

► *Barks, necks and wings go into frankfurters labeled "All meat." In those labeled "Frankfurters," skin, fat, gizzard, heart or liver may also be used.*—ED.

Sirs:

Yes, President Roosevelt did give hot dogs to George VI when he came here in 1939 to cement the alliance. My brother Jim, who attended that picnic, has a favorite story. He watched His Majesty accept the proffered food, and with the assumption of confidence which a monarch must display, he proceeded to bite into it waternelon fashion, but as far as my brother remembers, got no mustard in his ears.

HENRY T. BOURNE

Woodstock, Vt.

Sirs:

Wienie, wienie in a bun,
Were you found in a chicken run?
Are you sinew, fat, or heart,
Pure beef, pork, some other part?
Never mind, we don't care;
When we need you—just be there.

MRS. W. H. PATTON JR.

Sarasota, Fla.

NADER'S RAIDERS

Sirs:
"The Lone Ranger Gets a Poise" (Oct. 3)—a beautiful story! I will run it on to the kids I teach. Thank God for men like Ralph Nader.

PAT DRISSELER

Florissant, Mo.

BALLET

Sirs:
What a shock to turn a paper page and find crystallized there the enigma

that is ballet ("Dances at a Gathering"—an American Masterpiece," Oct. 3). Gjon Mili has caught in strokes of light the magic that a ballet viewer can only share fleetingly—that temporal fusion of music, motion and the human spirit. If the Robbins ballet is a masterpiece, so are these extraordinary photos.

MRS. D. T. DRIMARS

Los Angeles, Calif.

TED KENNEDY

Sirs:
So "he just wound up, reared back and let 'em have it. . . . Some speech!" Senator Kennedy ("The Revival of Ted Kennedy," Oct. 3) should have used the last vestige of the virtue of moral strength you speak of to refrain from turning an American Cancer Society meeting into a public brawling place of petty partisan politics. It is difficult enough to solicit money for cancer research and education.

FRANK M. DRIPPS

Carlisle, Pa.

AGONY OF THE WALKER

Sirs:
"Scooting juice" and chains on the fetlock, including in some instances barbed wire, are not confined exclusively to Tennessee walking horses ("Agony of the Walking Horse," Oct. 3). The practice abounds in training most saddle and harness show horses and to a great extent in training parade horses. And there is much more.

I noticed in my years of growing up around trainers and horse owners an apathetic callousness to the horse's suffering. Old men and trainers would tell me as a youngster that it "didn't really hurt 'em that much."

EDWARD EASTON

New York, N.Y.

Sirs:

I have never in my life read such a biased, unjust article. Granted there are some unscrupulous trainers and owners of Tennessee walkers. However, there are just as many cruel owners of other types of horses, not to mention dogs and cats and other animals.

JANE FOLEY

Lexington, Mass.

Sirs:

I used to show a walking horse (my mare had clean legs) and will vouch for the widespread abuse of this most amiable of breeds.

MRS. LEROY G. HOFFMAN

Eureka, S. Dak.

Sirs:

I hope Senator Tydings will not be deterred by that tired old run-around subterfuge of "additional time in which to continue efforts to improve conditions" used by trainer-torturer Vic Thompson. That malarkey can easily be

translated into "time to cool down public opinion and bad publicity plus the need for any legislative action."

SHIRLEY WOLF

Los Angeles, Calif.

Sirs:

Consider the benefits of a little "scooting juice" on the ankles of Vic Thompson (with chains added, of course). Why, I'll bet he'd lift his feet so high his knees would have that complacent-looking pot of his worn away faster than you can say "soring."

MAVIS MARGARITA CARACOSTAS

Miami, Fla.

Sirs:

In 1968, when I testified before the California legislature in favor of anti-soring legislation, I was laughed out of committee. Not only are "bleeding heart" animal lovers good legislative sport, but cruelty such as this was unbelievable.

Now it is clear that nothing short of federal law can stop such widespread, deliberate cruelty.

BELTON P. MOURAS

President

Animal Protection Institute

Sacramento, Calif.

Sirs:

While some form of legislation may be helpful in eliminating the most glaring cases (one horse can be just as sore in the front and not show surface evidence of it as another that has bloody, running sores on his pasterns), the most truly effective way to root out the practice of soring will be for the trainers and owners to be met with such overwhelming public indignation that they will have to clean up the mess willingly in order to keep their business from dying out.

PHILLIP RANDALL

Frankfort, Ky.

JIMI HENDRIX

Sirs:

There are really no words that can adequately describe Raymundo de Larraín's photographs of Jimi Hendrix ("An Infinity of Jimis," Oct. 3). This is the scene of today in the colors of today.

NIL KELSEY

New York, N. Y.

Sirs:

Pictures cannot possibly do him justice. The cover looked more like Hendrix in his tomb than the man I've heard perform on stage and recordings.

SANDY SHOAF

Durham, N. C.

Sirs:

Although to some Jimi Hendrix's writings may seem far-fetched, they are the embodiment of the spiritual enlightenment we need to transcend the problems of this "everyday mud world."

JOHN P. BALL

Colorado Springs, Colo.

Sirs:

I know I shouldn't complain that I was wholly baffled—after all, he warned me: "Your mind's still muddy and you can't possibly grasp all I'm saying"—but I would like to have some of Brother Jim's mystical paradoxes explained. For example, are these five pages of facile pseudo-baroque schmalz intended to represent the Reverend's way "to abandon the excesses for the more spiritual"? And, in addition, could someone out there in the ninth ring of enlightenment please explain why the ormulu Messiah, whose real image is lost in a nightmarish galaxy of some 500 mirror images, chastises those backsliders who are "losing themselves in big ego scenes?"

MICHAEL M. HERRING

New Orleans, La.

GALLERY

Sirs:

Regarding Gene Laurents' pictures in Gallery (Oct. 3). True: "brought together they interact"—but untrue: "Singly they are no more remarkable"—etc. Singly, each is a treasure—a vignette—a complete novel.

I could browse for hours on these two pages and read tales from childhood to old age, of love or hate, of happiness or sorrow, or just plain mischief. They do more than interact—they react!

CAROLYN B. DANZ

Seattle, Wash.

THOMAS HART BENTON

Sirs:

Odd that Thomas Hart Benton ("At 80, Still at War with Boredom and Boobs," Oct. 3) should mention Rembrandt's self-portraits. Before I had read that far into the article, I'd already noted the resemblance between the two.

ELIZABETH MARNEY

Waynesville, N. C.



REMBRANDT
AT ABOUT 54

BENTON
AT 80

Sirs:

Don't say that the Common Man has never heard of Thomas Hart Benton, and wouldn't care if he did. I'm just a common everyday person and I have admired Benton for years for both his art and his writing. With the whole field of art to choose from, I picked Benton and the regionalists for my term paper in art at college last summer. What a terrific guy!

RUTH B. BAUDONIN

Ashland, Mass.

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The Presidency

by HUGH SIDBY

The embattled White House

From Richard Nixon to Sam Brown was only a five-minute walk last Wednesday, up the street through the soft autumn air. But a light-year of man-made misunderstanding littered the way.

The White House was once again embattled, but not by the candlelight from those 30,000 marchers who shuffled through the falling leaves beneath a thin moon, nor by Sam Brown the Moratorium organizer, who presided amidst youthful disarray, a child's bucket of chocolate candy kisses on a desk for sustenance. The White House was embattled by an idea, a national feeling.

That day the White House was as lovely and as enduring and as formidable as always. Alert, courteous police ringed the grounds. Brisk young men hurried about their chores, and Nixon presided at the epicenter. The armed forces and the entire vast government machine were at his command. All the electronic and printed devices of persuasion were open to him on an instant's notice. The office of the Presidency, still the most prestigious in the world, could call upon the best intelligence in any part of the nation for advice.

The President had sometimes brooded aloud as the Moratorium Day approached, wondering why he was not given credit for having reversed the course of the war. Why could some people not detect his own profound concern not only for peace but for what would happen to the country after that peace? Sometimes, when he met with congressional leaders or his staff, he appeared in total sympathy with the frustrations of the young, with their feelings, for example, on the draft. Directing his anger at Congress, he complained: "Here it's been five months and everyone knows the draft has been unfair to young people. My God, why don't we do something about it?" He talked at length with David Eisenhower, aware that his son-in-law would soon face the draft, seeking some better sense of the shape of youthful objections. He had found that the normal channels of government were inadequate for this

kind of information. The first reports about the Moratorium aroused no concern, only the conviction that the White House should not overreact to something that might fail anyway. But when the size of the effort became apparent, Nixon reached out in unorthodox manner for a reading on it. He gathered reports from the college children of staff members and Cabinet officers, those like Robert Finch's daughter Maureen, a sophomore at Occidental College, and Melvin Laird's son John at Wisconsin State University.

But any hint of a concerned Nixon, a responding Nixon, was thoroughly obscured by a week of Gilbert and Sullivan communications maneuvers. The shelving of General Hershey, the call to Hubert Humphrey for an Oval Office conference, the flurry of Vietnam reviews were so sudden and obvious as to arouse more contempt than confidence. When the White House staff looked for a student letter to answer, it carelessly picked one from a young monarchist. And the language of the response was so ill-chosen that Nixon came out sounding vaguely opposed to the peace plea, rather than concerned by it.

Then, on the eve of the Moratorium, Dwight Eisenhower's birthday, Nixon clutched the hand of Mamie Eisenhower. Pulling her to his side in the East Room of the White House, he reminisced about a conversation with her dying husband, who had said that the American people never debated between war and peace, but only how best to keep peace. It was a sincere statement, but in the atmosphere of desperation enveloping the White House it smacked of imposition on the widow's memories.

That performance was still being puz-



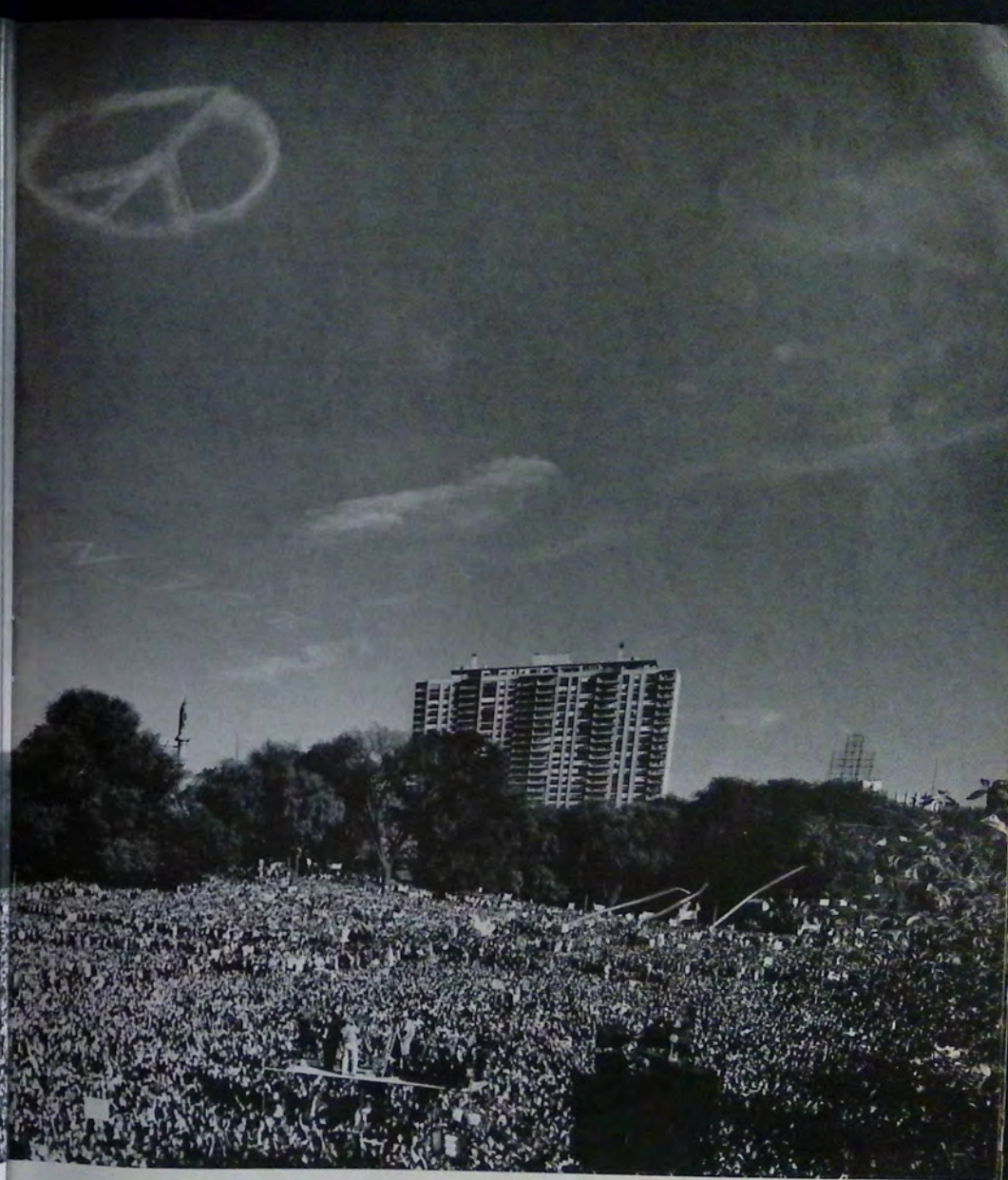
zled over when Spiro Agnew was sent before the cameras to condemn Hanoi's letter of encouragement for the Moratorium, thereby elevating the letter's importance and by implication questioning the loyalty of the millions who were protesting the war. Our government has a long and formidable record of ineptitude in expressing itself, but in terms of tragicomedy, the last few days equal most of the old marks.

Even in the final hour Nixon yearned for some appropriate involvement. He planned to attend the noon prayer services at tiny St. John's across Lafayette Park from the White House. But a schedule change meant that Arthur Goldberg would be addressing a meeting there, and, to avoid an accidental confrontation with an antiwar leader, Nixon decided to stay inside the iron fence.

All day, in what was the nation's first countrywide electronic picket line, it was business as normal at the White House. But not really. When the candle-carrying marchers came by at 8:30 that night, there were lights on in the working and living quarters. Henry Kissinger, the President's peace strategist, ate dinner at his desk, as anxious and concerned as any demonstrator. The men in the street and those inside the White House were so close, yet so far apart.



In his Washington headquarters on Vermont Avenue, a few blocks from the White House, chief Moratorium planner Sam Brown, 26, checked out a schedule a few days before the protest. Meanwhile, at a White House ceremony, President Nixon was awarding the Medal of Honor to four Army men for heroism in Vietnam.



America gathers under a sign of peace

Beneath a peace sign drawn in smoke by a skywriter, the largest single crowd of Vietnam Moratorium Day—more than 100,000 people, princi-

pally students—assembled on Boston Common. They had marched in a three-mile-long procession across the Charles River from Cambridge.

Over the threshold of dissent



With flags and a placard on her pocketbook, a lady on New York's Wall Street protests the Moratorium. A block away, names of the war's dead were being read aloud.

All over the country people massed to hear antiwar speeches. At a rally of 40,000 in Manhattan's Bryant Park (below), several politicians spoke, including Senator Eugene McCarthy.



In North Newton, Kan., members of the Bethel College Peace Club borrowed an old church bell from the college museum for four days, rang it once every four seconds in memory of each U.S. soldier killed in Vietnam



It was a display without historical parallel, the largest expression of public dissent ever seen in this country. Across the land the demonstrators gathered, talking, reading names from long lists of war dead, showing the V-sign of peace. As night fell, they moved through the shadows carrying their candles like pilgrims in a cave. In front of St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York a grim-faced man shined up a pole to wave an American flag. Another raised a blue-and-white peace flag and the crowd chanted "Peace—Now! Peace—Now! Peace—Now!" in the insistent, accelerating tempo of a college football yell.

The suggestion of stridency in the chant was incongruous. Vietnam Moratorium Day seemed to have a quality of sweetness about it, a cheerfulness, a suspension of anger and even passion, a decorum surpassing all previous antiwar protests. The country is plainly

divided on short-term means and strategy, but the Moratorium demonstrated a kind of unity of frustration, a vast heaving of the public impatience. The many who disapproved of the Moratorium did so for the most part passively, silently. The protest, said Columbia Historian Henry Graff, "was like pushing against a door you think is locked and finding that it is not locked, that there is no adversary."

In Boston, 100,000 turned out, 30,000 marched past the White House in Washington, there were another 12,000 in Chicago, and in a Kansas college town, a bell tolled every four seconds in honor of the American dead. Hundreds of colleges and high schools closed for the day. A few counterdemonstrations developed, a few stones and angry words were exchanged. But for an outpouring so great, the day was strikingly nonviolent. It was also non-electrifying. It may have lived up to its bill-

ing, but it did not exceed it. Millions of people could, and did, pass the day without being touched by the Moratorium.

The effect of the demonstration on national policy and the men who make it cannot truly be known for some time, if indeed it can ever be measured. Neither can its effect on the bulk of Americans and their attitudes on the war. Unquestionably, however, a large number of people not previously committed to dissent showed themselves, on this day, to be so committed. The number of middle-class, middle-aged "respectables" who have been moved to direct action is growing (for what happened to two of them, see pages 38-41), and it seemed to take a quantum jump with the Moratorium. "Everyone has his own threshold for public protest," said one first-time demonstrator. "Above the threshold you act. My threshold took a while to reach, but I've reached it now."

From GIs in Vietnam, unexpected cheers

To find out how American troops fighting in Vietnam regard the Moratorium, LTV Correspondent Hal Wingo interviewed 100 men in eight different units scattered from 1 Corps in the north to III Corps in the provinces around Saigon. He concentrated on young draftees and enlisted men who had been in combat recently. Here is his report:

My conversations led me to four main conclusions:

- ▶ Many soldiers regard the organized antiwar campaign in the U.S. with open and outspoken sympathy.
- ▶ The protests in the U.S. are not demoralizing troops in the field.
- ▶ Nearly all feel that the Paris peace talks are a fraud.
- ▶ The troops believe President Nixon has done a good job so far in pulling Americans out of Vietnam.

The biggest frustration comes from the feeling that nothing has been accomplished in Vietnam, and that nothing is likely to be. To some men the Moratorium makes particular sense because they feel forgotten. "Outside our families," says Army Pfc. Chris Yapp, a 4th Division civil affairs team member in a Montagnard village, "I think the protesters may be the only ones who really give a damn about what's happening."

Repeatedly, even those opposed to the idea of peace demonstrations at home admit to uncertainty about what the United States has bought with its investment of 39,000 lives. "I don't even know what I'm fighting for," says Marine Pfc. Sam Benson. "I'm just out in the bushes getting shot at." Few men argue that

we are here to stop Communism and give the Vietnamese a chance for a better life. Most feel the Vietnamese themselves couldn't care less what kind of government they have. "I don't see the threat to these people if they do have a Communist government," says SP4 Richard Beshel, 25th Division infantryman at Cuchi. "They're going to be rice farmers regardless of who is running Saigon."

Impatience with ARVN, the complacency of the civilians they do meet, and the lack of any American directive to win a military victory combine to make many soldiers feel America has come a cropper. Even though the war may be "getting short"—as most troops believe—it has lasted long enough already so that a number of young draftees and enlisted men had a chance to develop convictions about it before getting here. Pfc. James Petrillo, 21, 101st Division infantryman, says, "I was against the war all along but too lazy to speak up. When I saw the war on TV, I could always turn it off and go out. But you can't do that here and when you see what is happening, you know you have to protest."

"I never could see the sense in this war, but I enlisted partly because I wanted to get the true picture on what is happening," says SP5 Raul Torres, 22, 4th Division medic. "I'll go back now and carry my sign on the campus. Maybe I can influence somebody."

For some of these young men, the disillusionment has been far more painful than for others. Pvt. Jim Beck, 19, from Philadelphia, had high personal motives for coming to Vietnam. His brother was killed at Khesan on July 4 last year. The brothers were Italian immigrants who hoped to gain American citizenship more quickly by volunteering for military

service. "I came partly for revenge," says Beck, a 101st Division medic, "but now I have lost all faith. The demonstrators are right to speak up because this war is wrong and it must be stopped."

There is, however, no latent mutiny waiting to surface, and morale is not being affected by the clamor at home. Most of the field troops I talked to are too busy with problems at hand—like survival and mail call—to be much affected by events far away. "I can do my job no matter how tired I might get," says SP4 John Horace, 21, a 1st Division gunner with a mortar platoon.

By no means all the troops are opposed to the war. Some would like to get on with it in a bigger way, and one repeated complaint heard against the demonstrators was that voiced by Marine Sgt. Howard Clarke, who is on his second tour in Vietnam. "People who haven't been here and suffered," Clarke argues, "have no right to bitch and moan about what is going on." First Division Infantryman Hascal Dennison, 21, sees the protests only slightly differently. "They have the right," he says, "but they are wrong."

The negotiations in Paris were dismissed with scorn and frequent contempt by almost everyone I talked to. "When I see something on the front page about the Paris talks, I just think they have put the comics on the front page again," says SP4 Horace. "It's the biggest hoax of the war, a big joke," declares Air Force security policeman Darryl Logsdon at Danang.

The knowledge that some men are leaving and putting the war behind them is an encouraging turn of events, thinks Pfc. Saul Sindell. He feels the day of Moratorium in the U.S. might also be a sign that America has had enough. "Even if a guy isn't a sensitive person," he says, "he can't help being affected by all the death and pain he sees over here. And once you have seen that, you don't want anyone, anywhere to ever hurt again."

It should encourage President Nixon to hear that all the men interviewed give him high marks for his efforts thus far to end the conflict. The war is not considered to be either Nixon's or Johnson's. "It's more personal than that," says SP4 Joseph Williams. "While you are here, it's just your own private war." Even the President's rate of troop withdrawal is broadly acceptable. Some express fears that infantry pullouts are simply opening a path for the North Vietnamese army. But one highly respected and much-decorated American officer told me he believes President Nixon could easily have withdrawn 100,000 troops initially without any loss of strength or effectiveness.

From U.S. leaders, answers to challenges

Question A: Can you suggest any major action the U.S. might take that would make Hanoi more eager to settle the war than to wait us out?

Question B: What do you think the consequences will be to America's reputation and to its self-respect if, by the end of 1970, we are massively pulling out of Vietnam without a settlement?

HUGH SCOTT

Senate Minority Leader

A: The difficulty with the United States' approach to the Vietnam war from the beginning was to see this conflict cast solely in terms of the United States' action and Hanoi's reaction. The Johnson administration tried to escalate, then bomb, then negotiate Hanoi into a state of enlightenment. The Nixon administration has changed the emphasis.

The emphasis is now upon realism in the search for just solutions while continuing to de-escalate our involvement. Only the President can be the chief foreign policy spokesman for our nation; he is our prime negotiator. Advice should be welcomed, but the decisions must be his.

B: The consequences of de-escalating the war, perhaps without a final political settlement, do not necessarily relate to America's reputation and its self-respect. It must be pointed out that present and perhaps future American troop withdrawals are based largely on the fact that the South Vietnamese will be increasingly able to fight their own war. The Administration's Vietnamization policies are increasing their strength and their ability to defend themselves. In other words, withdrawal of American troops will be offset by the increased capacity of South Vietnamese troops. It is clear that North Vietnam, at this time, is not asking for any settlement. Thus the President's dilemma is what to do in the face of North Vietnam's present attitude. This country will suffer a loss in its reputation and self-respect if we leave the South Vietnamese defenseless, with arbitrary timetables of withdrawal, etc., as some have suggested. The Administration is acutely aware of the need to end American involvement in this war as quickly as possible and to bring about, both by de-escalation and a Vietnamization approach, a solution which will gain world and national respect for this country.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

Democratic Candidate for President 1968

A: I see no major action we could take. But I do think that by a stepped-up program of training and equipment of SVN forces, Hanoi would realize that we meant business. I don't believe that Hanoi intends to negotiate anything that isn't already settled in the battle-

field. It is my view that this war is one that no one can afford to say he lost and everyone will try to say he won. Therefore, formal documents will only ratify what actually happened in the area of combat. The war will be slowly de-escalated. There will be continuation of sporadic fighting for a long time, but not of such major consequences but what it can be handled by the South Vietnamese themselves, providing that we assure the South Vietnamese of some military assistance and equipment.

B: We should make clear the purposes of our presence in Vietnam. We went there to stop the success of aggression, to help protect the right of self-determination. We have accomplished both. The aggression has not succeeded and it will not succeed if the South Vietnamese are properly trained and equipped for self-defense. This is happening. Secondly, there have been elections. The South Vietnamese have in fact been protected so as to provide for self-determination. We have helped to strengthen a government and the economy. Therefore, systematic troop withdrawal through 1970 will not represent defeat or abandonment of our commitment. It will represent a response to American public opinion on the one hand and, on the other, a recognition that we have fulfilled our commitment to aid an ally which can now undertake its own self-defense. We must understand that the struggle in South Vietnam is not our war. We went there to help the South Vietnamese. We have done this and we should so interpret our mission to the American people and indeed to the world.

GEN. MAXWELL D. TAYLOR (USA Ret.)
Former Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

A: Suspend the negotiations in Paris. Prepare to resume bombing of North Vietnam to compensate for the further withdrawal of U.S. ground forces. Show self-restraint in all public actions which encourage the enemy. Stop watching the clock. Support the President.

B: Wellington said of England of the last century, "A great country can have no such thing as a little war." One can say with equal justice of the U.S. today that it is so great a country that it can neither wage a little war nor suffer a little defeat. The war is big because the U.S. is a party to it; a defeat would be great because it would reveal the extent of our internal weakness—with no external power capable of defeating us, our loss would be clearly self-imposed. When, in sober retrospect, we became aware of how we had deluded ourselves about the causes of the war, about the situation as it evolved in Vietnam, about the behavior of our Vietnamese ally and the achievements of our own countrymen, there should be more than a touch of re-

morse to add to the smart of the self-inflicted wounds. If Senator Joseph McCarthy could read the political and social fabric of the nation in his search for an answer to the question, "Who promoted Major Peress?", what could a new generation of interrogators operating in the McCarthy tradition do with the question, "Who persuaded the U.S. to nullify the sacrifice of the thousands of Americans killed in action and to abandon an ally on the battlefield with the issue still in doubt?" Not a pleasant thought but one worth considering.

J. WILLIAM FULBRIGHT

Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman

A: The United States could almost certainly make Hanoi more eager to settle the war by making it clear that we are not committed to the continuance of the Thieu-Ky government. We might indicate to the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front delegations in Paris that we are prepared to accept an interim coalition including the National Liberation Front to conduct elections for a permanent government in South Vietnam. At the same time we should inform Saigon that if it is not prepared to accept these terms we will not try to enforce them but will simply terminate our participation in the war.

B: Withdrawal from Vietnam in 1970 need not damage, and might very well enhance, America's reputation and self-respect. Everyone knows that we can destroy North Vietnam tomorrow. Our withdrawal from this civil war in which we have no security interest of our own would be a clear indication not of American defeat but of civilized restraint, of belated awakening to our own best interests, and of the strength and self-confidence to acknowledge a mistake.

EUGENE J. MCCARTHY

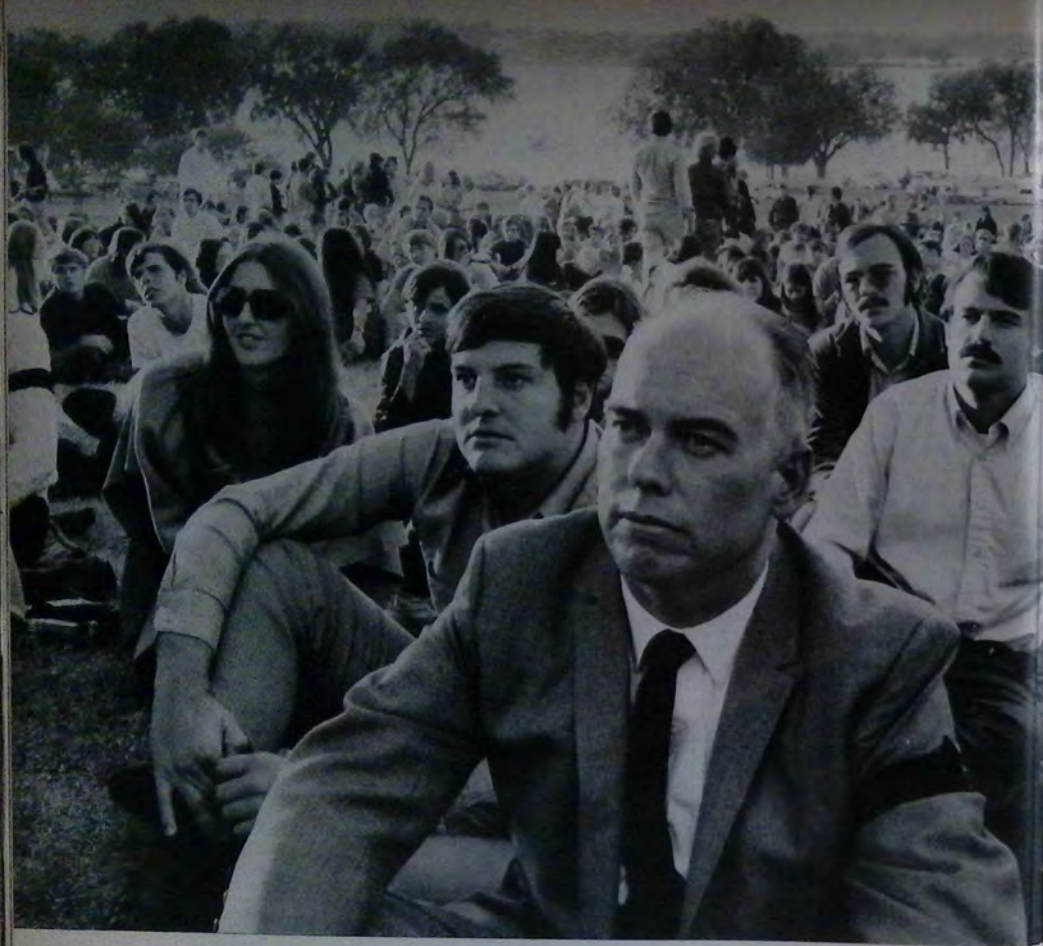
United States Senator

A: The point which I discussed throughout the campaign I think is essentially valid today; namely, that there has to be a new and different government in South Vietnam which is reasonably acceptable to the United States, to South Vietnam, to the National Liberation Front and also to Hanoi. I see no reason to believe that unless such a government is established Hanoi's military policy or diplomatic policy of waiting us out will change.

B: I think America's reputation around the world will be helped by almost any action we take to bring an end to our participation in the war in Vietnam. What it will do to America's self-respect, I do not know. I do not think our self-respect has grown in the course of this war, and it is my opinion that withdrawal would do it no harm.

These U.S. troops observed M-day by wearing black armbands. They are on patrol near Chulai





'A person must tell the government to change. I intend to state my case, and even when they spit at me, I mean to stand there'

David Moss of Dallas, Texas



"My gosh," whispered an old friend who saw David Moss leading an antiwar rally "If the Mosses are here, the whole world must be for peace."

Her amazement is understandable. In Dallas, the Establishment supports the war, and at 39, Dave Moss is an Establishment man—owner of a real estate firm, member of the Board of Realtors, a third-generation Texan.

Though a liberal Democrat, Moss was until last year a hawk on Vietnam, supporting President Johnson more, perhaps, out of respect for the Presidency than out



of agreement with military objectives. His thinking was based on the theory that the President should be given total authority for running a war. "I felt perfectly all right delegating war powers to him," explains Moss. "A President must not feel unable to go to war when he believes that it's necessary, and I genuinely felt that L.B.J. could minimize it. I thought that he knew something I didn't."

But as the death toll mounted, Moss's disillusionment began. "I remembered that Eisenhower had misled us on the U-2 incident, Kennedy misled us on the Bay of Pigs,



Surrounded by youthful audience of 1,000, Dave Moss listens to Moratorium speakers at Dallas' White Rock Lake (left). Below, Moss recites the names of Texas war dead while his

wife Marion (holding Kay, age 5), daughter Anne, 17, and son Alan, 11 (foreground), look on. The family lives in \$65,000 home in the plush Dallas suburb of Highland Park (above).



and it looked as if Johnson was doing the same thing on Vietnam. I began to notice that people were changing their position, and I was still stuck in mine."

By the spring of 1968, Moss saw the war as a liability on several counts. "We were spending \$2 billion a month." The South Vietnamese government suddenly appeared to him "terribly authoritarian and corrupt." And he became disillusioned about the integrity of U.S. military leadership. During the election campaign, Nixon told the nation he had a plan to end the war, and Moss is a man who takes

politicians at their word. "I think Nixon was sincere," he says, "but he hasn't been leveling lately. He's saying he hasn't had enough time, but he's had nine months. He's been paying too much attention to the Pentagon. He's letting his ego get involved. He's sitting there stewing, and meanwhile the killing keeps going on."

With Nixon's grace period ended, Moss felt ready to take his feelings into the street, a move requiring considerable courage. "Standing up for anything like that takes guts in Dallas," says a friend. Even though Moss is self-em-

ployed, he says he knows pressure can be applied. Bank loans can dry up, clients can get scarce. A pediatrician friend helped bring Dr. Spock to speak—and now says his referral business has dropped drastically. Business executives active in antiwar programs have been warned to "get away from that peace thing." Moss's wife Marion worries she'll be impeached as president of her college sorority alumnae. Daughter Anne, 17, expects to be harassed in school—only 25 of her 1,200 classmates have spoken out against the war.

The Moss family's first public protest took place three days before Moratorium, just outside the grounds of Dallas' Texas State Fair. Surrounded by 40 supporters, Dave Moss stood, his hands shaking slightly, and slowly began to read aloud the names of Texas men killed in Vietnam. His wife Marion bit her lip. Daughter Anne glared at whisperers. Son Alan watched his father. "Spit at those people," yelled a heckler. "Spit on 'em." "Hippies," muttered another. "Dirty Commies." "Who gave those bastards permission to talk here?"

But Moss is convinced now that action is the right course. "In Germany, everybody figured that someone else would stand up. And nobody ever did. At some point, a person must go out and tell the government to change. I could never give my allegiance to another country. But I intend to state my case, and even when they spit at me, I mean to stand there."

'I've never marched, rallied, picketed, demonstrated or otherwise created a public fuss in my life—but this war has gone on too long'

Alan Coburn of Washington, D.C.



Unlike liberal Democrat David Moss, Alan Coburn is a life-long Republican, a moderate who believes Nixon to be "superbly qualified" to be President. He has faith in representative democracy, the government and the men who run it. Until recently, that faith included the Vietnam war.

"In the beginning," he says, "I thought Vietnam was something like Korea—distant, necessary, messy, but resolvable. I figured the professionals must have known what they were doing."

"But two things that converged at about the same time made me re-

think things," he says. "I noticed a number of people I respect speaking out against Vietnam—sticking their necks out. And it struck me that the U.S. had been fighting longer in Vietnam than in any other war in its history. Then it became clear to me that the U.S. had tried—and unsuccessfully—to substitute its will for that of the Vietnamese."

Coburn agonized for some time over this conclusion, and frequently talked about the war with his wife Barbara and two teen-age daughters, Kim, 13, and Alana, 16. When the girls said they wanted to

attend the Moratorium rally in Washington, D.C., where the family lives, Coburn decided he, too, ought to go.

"I've never marched, rallied, picketed, demonstrated or otherwise created a public fuss in my life—but this war has gone on too long," he says. It was precisely Coburn's kind of peace rally. The speakers were thoughtful, the rhetoric mild, the crowds benign. There were few obscenities, no fights and not a hint of a confrontation with authority. Coburn and his wife wore no armbands, did not raise the V-salute, and burned their

small candles only as a tribute to the dead. They had not come to make demands, but to be counted. They were against the war, he said, not the government.

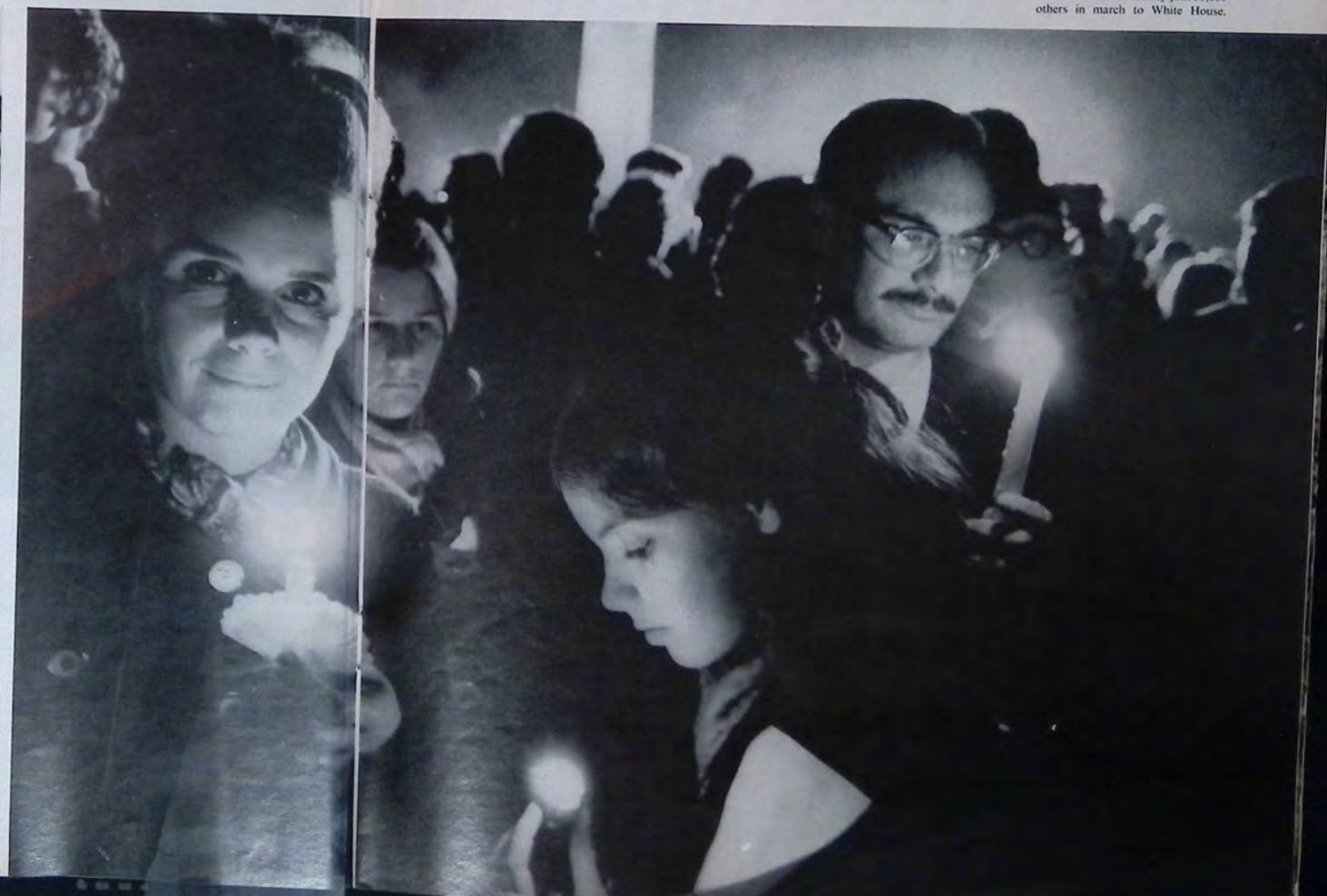
Though he desires peace in Vietnam, Coburn will not agree to an immediate withdrawal of U.S. troops. "We just can't cut and run," he said. "By marching I tried to ask that American military operations only be conducted at a minimum level. I demonstrated so that when the Administration has to decide whether to bring home 25,000 troops, or 30,000 troops, they'll make it 30,000."

After a dusk rally at Washington Monument, the Coburns hold their memorial candles as they join 30,000 others in march to White House.

At a Vietnam discussion in her junior high school gymnasium (right), Kim Coburn listens as classmate Frank Martin makes a point. Both had taken part in a noon memorial service.



On the patio behind their suburban Washington home, Alan Coburn and his wife Barbara discuss Vietnam with their daughters, Alana and Kim. Both girls do antiwar work at school.



Winding down the war on our own

Richard Nixon has said he does not propose to be the first American President to lose a war. He might, however, if he and we are lucky, become the third President to settle for a tie. The others were James Madison (War of 1812) and Dwight Eisenhower (Korea), perfectly respectable company for any President to keep.

The President was strangely tense and rigid in his advance comments on the Vietnam Moratorium (he would "under no circumstances . . . be affected whatever"). Many of the Oct. 15 people, to be sure, would not be appeased by anything Mr. Nixon could do, short of immediate and total withdrawal. Yet Mr. Nixon's Vietnam policy is a great deal more realistic and humane than he is getting credit for, in part because he and his administration explain it so badly, in part because so many war critics no longer notice what is actually happening.

- The President has in fact begun a unilateral withdrawal of the bulk of American forces from Vietnam.

- The President has in fact reined in his commanders so closely that in some areas of Vietnam a kind of unilateral cease-fire prevails.

What else should he do? Nixon's acts of de-escalation go further than many Vietnam dissenters were demanding only a year ago. But the point is, of course, that now is a year later. LIFE believes there is more the President could be doing to further the prospects for a tolerable outcome in Vietnam: in his dealings with his own men in Washington, with the Saigon government, with Hanoi, and in his dealings with U.S. opinion, which is his most critical negotiation of all.

To start with, we propose that the policymakers of the Nixon administration begin treating with U.S. opinion *in its own right*, not as though its chief importance lay in the interpretation Hanoi places upon it. Mr. Nixon, much to his credit, has never since his inauguration put public blame on the Johnson administration for his Vietnam burden. But he has allowed his administration sometimes to sound like the dog-in-L.B.J., equating the Vietnam dissent with aid and comfort to the enemy.

It is a profound question how—and whether—a democracy should conduct a war with only, say, 75% or 66⅔% or 55% of public opinion in support. Our Constitution specifies nine matters, none as serious as a war, which require a two-thirds vote for congressional approval. When we are in a war which has never had explicit congressional sanction, and never been legally "declared," being fought in good

part by draftees (chosen by a fantastically capricious system), a war which many (LIFE included) have thought important to win but almost nobody has ever claimed was imperative, and when this war has dragged on inconclusively for years, the wonder is not that there is protest but that there is so much willingness to serve and sacrifice. Mr. Nixon and Mr. Agnew would do better to marvel at the stability and patience of the nation they are privileged to lead, rather than purse lips and wonder how Hanoi is reading our students today.

Once we start thinking of American attitudes about Vietnam as important for their own sake, not as mirror messages being flashed from here to Hanoi and back, several things fall into place.

- We should stop expecting anything out of the Paris peace talks. In recent months the North Vietnamese have not budged one centimeter. (How could a Harvard demonstration make them *more* intransigent?) We should proceed on the assumption there will be no formal settlement with the North. We should of course keep our delegation in Paris, talking and listening. There are some things the U.S. government should be saying to America itself, to South Vietnam and to Southeast Asia that might conceivably interest Hanoi. If so, fine; but if not, our policies must proceed for our own good reasons.

- We should be withdrawing our troops, in Hubert Humphrey's good word, "systematically." This means a fairly firm presidential timetable, which no doubt exists. The President is right to resist any public promise to be totally out of Vietnam by some early, exact date, despite the 57% Gallup Poll in favor of Senator Goodell's resolution committing us to be gone by the end of 1970. But Mr. Nixon should conquer the press-conference reflex that leads him to try to outbid the Goodells and Clark Cliffords, suggesting that such critics interfere with his hopes of getting out sooner. We have little enough bargaining power vis-à-vis Hanoi since it is so clear that we are disengaging, and since it is unthinkable that we could re-escalate, short of some monstrous provocation.

The American public, we would guess, is willing to support 12 to 18, maybe at most 24, more months of military effort in Vietnam if withdrawals are in progress and if casualties and costs are declining steadily.

The President has already ordered withdrawals of 60,000 men from our peak strength of 540,000, and there are hints that he may announce another cut before the end of the year. Civilians need not be too diffident about entering the numbers

game, for it is essentially an appraisal of American sentiment rather than a technical military judgment. For our part, we hope that the President is aiming at a force no bigger than 150,000 by mid-1971. Whether there should be such a rear guard at all, chiefly in logistics and air support, could indeed be a subject of negotiation, and is not a point to be given away for nothing. (After all the fighting is over, Secretary Laird foresees only a few thousand advisers staying on.)

The hope is that as we withdraw the South Vietnamese army will be improving fast enough to take over more and more of the fighting and the South Vietnamese government will be broadening its support. It may just work. We must keep pressing Thieu and Ky on bureaucratic corruption, land reform and political imprisonment—up to a point; they are nobody's puppets.

- We should continue shifting the U.S. military effort away from the "maximum pressure" concept toward population protection and training of the ARVN. The new policy has helped reduce American casualties to their lowest level in three years. Secretary Rogers thinks the enemy, however unyielding at Paris, has carried out a "very significant" de-escalation in the field, cutting down troop infiltration from the North by as much as two thirds. Our generals continue the somewhat ritualistic warning that this may just be the lull before a new offensive. Mr. Nixon should decide whether he agrees with his Secretary of State, and if so, perhaps hasten his next troop withdrawal announcement.

- The President has promised a major Vietnam speech for November 3. It is none too soon. We hope he will redefine what is still at stake for us in Vietnam. We hope he will offer a generous vision of a long-term peacetime American interest in the development of Southeast Asia and friendship for all its peoples. (What an irony that we should be on fairly good terms with Communist Russia, talking cautiously about a possible thaw in relations with Communist China, and still so bitterly embroiled with one of the smallest Communist states.)

It will take even more steadiness than the American people have already shown if they are to persist through this winding-down phase of the war and bear further casualties and costs for modest objectives. In this painfully difficult undertaking, the President deserves our sympathy and support, and the country deserves visible, candid and convincing leadership.

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Bass even boasts a *Mona Lisa*. He says it is by a 16th Century artist of Leonardo's school. Experts call it an undistinguished copy made as much as 100 years later.



There they hang, splendidly framed and bearing names of the greatest Old Masters—all "self-picked" by John Bass (left) and his wife, and presented free of charge in 1963 to the city of Miami Beach. Unfazed by warnings from experts, city officials spent \$160,000 to turn a library into the Bass Art Museum and named the Basses curators for life. Now, after long investigation, the Art Dealers Association has issued a devastating report: the Bass Museum is overloaded with fakes and outrageously upgraded by "the most flagrant and pervasive mislabeling." Two thirds of the Old Masters and 10 out of 12 modern works are suspect; the "Rembrandt" shown above (far left) was probably painted a century after the artist died, the "Vermeer" (second from left) and "Hals" are poor works by unknown 17th Century painters and the entire collection is worth but a fraction of the \$7.5 million evaluation made by Bass's appraisers.

Such accusations hardly surprised Bass, a 77-year-old retired sugar tycoon who says he has been dogged by "be-smirchers" for almost a decade. When he tried to give his "masterpieces" to a top U.S. museum, he was rejected. When he offered a selection to Hunter College, it was refused. When he put up 56 items for auction, he had to buy back 19 because the bidding was so low. Even his "Vermeer"—which if authentic would bring close to \$2 million—was bid in by Bass for \$90,000. Bass, who presumably claimed a big tax write-off for his donation, repudiates all critics. "I am the first expert," he says. And the city which, Bass once declared, "has everything but culture" is apparently willing to put up with fakes. An investigation of the art would cost up to \$250,000, says the vice mayor. "For the city to go to this expense just to satisfy the whim of . . . the Art Dealers Association is not our prerogative."

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The Unlikely Vincification of Sonny Jurgensen

by GARY CARTWRIGHT

When the mad machinery of fate brought the two together at this advanced stage of the game, Vince Lombardi naturally seized the initiative. He called Sonny Jurgensen to his office, and he told Jurgensen to just be himself. You know, be Vince Lombardi.

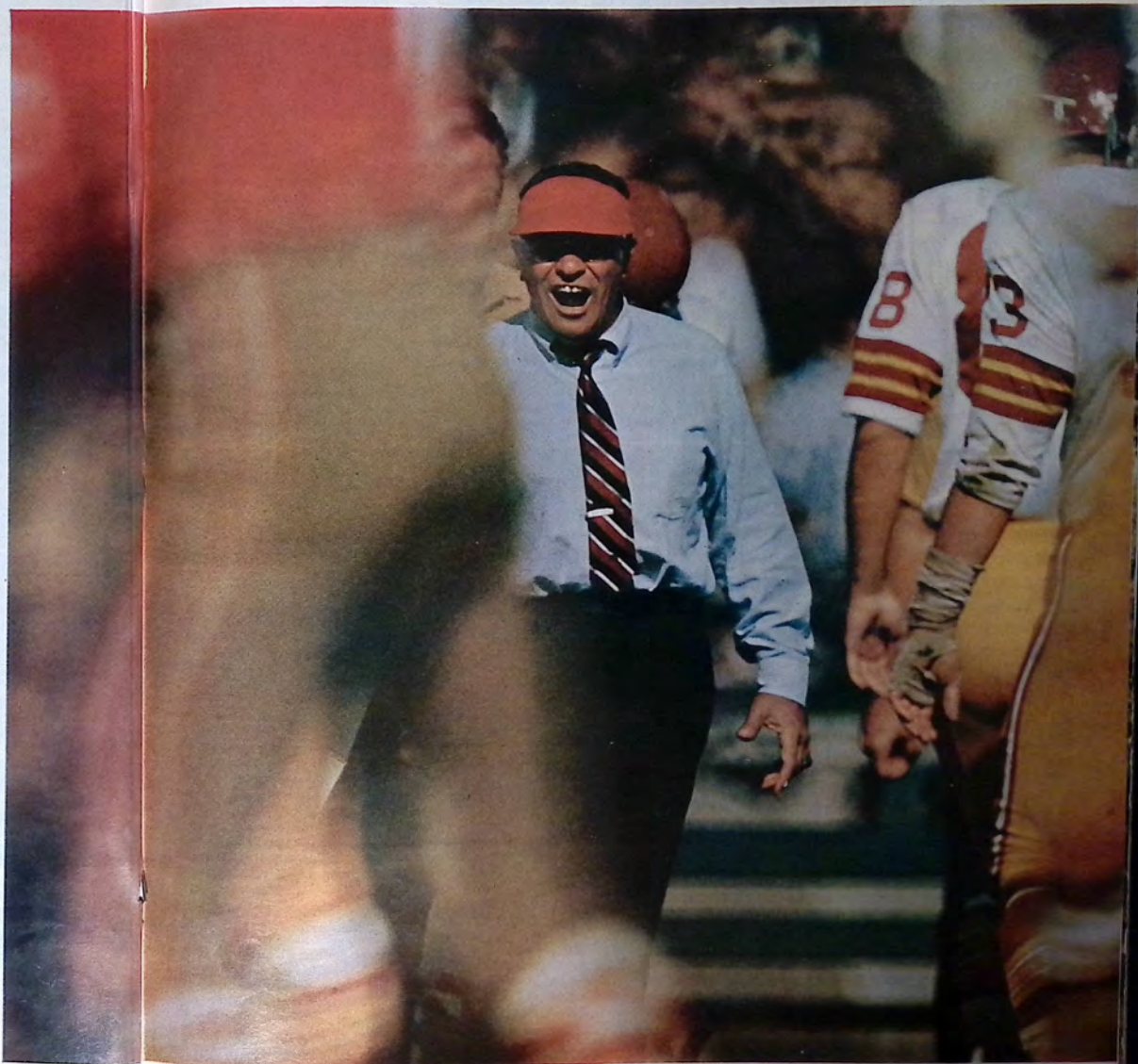
Jurgensen examined the alternatives. Here he was, 35. He had been in the National Football League 12 seasons, just three less than Lombardi. Yes, and he had known the pleasures of flesh and spirit: Jurgensen was what Lombardi would call "a celebrator." He did not precisely fit the image of "adolescent impulsiveness" that Lombardi finds so unsightly in many modern athletes, but then again he wasn't any Archie-and-Jughead Deluxe Virgin as Bart Starr had been.

As Jurgensen measured them, the facts were: he was the activist, the individual. Lombardi, on the other hand, was the Organization—one of Seven Blocks of Granite as a college football player at Fordham, a high school Latin teacher afterward. While Lombardi was designing football's modern metaphor for collective excellence, the Green Bay Packers, Jurgensen was breaking individual NFL passing records, first at Philadelphia, then at Washington. Lombardi was a prophet of God, country and percentages, and Jurgensen was football's elder swinger, but also its most accomplished percentage passer.

Still, Jurgensen's teams had never won anything. He felt that all his individual records were a hollow victory and, until the announcement that Lombardi was to be the coach at Washington, Jurgensen was thinking of retiring. "The only difference between Otto and me," Jurgensen had said of his 1968 coach, Otto Graham, "is he likes candy bars and milkshakes and I like women and Scotch"—a candid observation that had moved

CONTINUED

For years Jurgensen (left) was a fun-loving, record-setting passer whose teams never won. Now his coach is winner Vince Lombardi (right), and Sonny has adopted his dour style.



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"A guy wants me to sing 'Sunny.' I'm not singing this year"

CONTINUED

the National Football League to fine Jurgensen \$500. Lombardi, of course, might also be a candy man, but Jurgensen was prepared to sacrifice the moral principle for the opportunity to play under a winner.

"My whole life at that point had begun to seem like a series of land-slides," Jurgensen said. "I'd go into a season thinking we'd be lucky to win five or six games. You just had to believe it would be different under Coach Lombardi. He had a proven system. He had organization. He had so obviously committed himself to excellence."

The first thing Jurgensen did was shave off his muttonchop sideburns. He also lost 10 pounds and reduced football's most famous potbelly to a slight bell-shaped sag of flesh that any man his age would be proud to wear. "Weights and running?" someone asked. "Naw, Cutty and water," said Jurgie, but there was a new gravity to his style. Tackle Ray Schoenke recalls this early impression in training camp: "Coach Lombardi had just put us through this long, agonizing grass drill. We were about to drop when suddenly he yells for Sonny and Sam Huff to lead us three laps around the field. I'll never forget it. Sonny looks at Huff and says 'If you can do it so can I' and they're grinning! All us young guys who were thinking we couldn't take any more felt pretty silly."

It is now 10 days into the new season. One minute after noon, the Redskins are on the practice field tucked back in a far corner of the R.F.K. Memorial Stadium parking lot. Three days ago, Jurgensen's passing and probing had lifted Washington to a comeback victory in New Orleans. Now the Redskins are methodically preparing for their second game, against the defending conference champion, Cleveland. On orders issued that same day by Lombardi, security guards patrol the fence. A man with captain's bars on his collar warns through a bullhorn that the people lining the fence on the street side of the field are trespassing, which of course they are not. But many of them begin to walk away.

Lombardi is too intent to notice. Split end Bob Long cuts for the sideline, cornerback Pat Fischer riding his back in a style Fischer has made infamous. Jurgensen's pass is perfectly thrown but Long can't hold it. Long curses himself under his breath and trots back looking as though he just swallowed his last dime.

Something else has caught Lombardi's attention. Something the defense did. He is surrounded by giant men in padded vests—like a red ant in a bowl of cotton puffs—and he is furious, almost out of control, rage cresting with each word: "I'm telling you for the last time... for the last goddam time... don't look into that backfield!"... blah blah blah... "you're standing around here with your fingers up your nose"... rant, roar, snort, fume.

Watching him, I remember a pet name the Green Bay players used to have for Lombardi. They called him *Il Duce*. I'm thinking he looks more like "Fatso" Judson in *From Here to Eternity*, only smaller and with less sense of humor. After practice I walk up, introduce myself for about the tenth time in the last five years and ask a question. Lombardi regards me with his steel-band grin, climbs into his golf cart and drives away without a word.

In the stadium's subterranean dressing quarters Jurgensen is also being remote. Sportswriters cluster about him as they have for years, but there is a certain piety (mingled with some regret, I think) in the way he pretends they are not there. This is the same Sonny Jurgensen who in other seasons would sit for hours answering questions. "It's an obligation," Sonny always said. Today he feels no obligation. Today he is making believe he is Vince Lombardi.

"How about what Fears said in the paper?" a writer asks. Unfolding the morning *Post*, the writer reads what New Orleans Coach Tom Fears had said after Sunday's game, the first for Washington under Lombardi: "I didn't see much difference... Washington's offense is still Sonny Jurgensen throwing to the same people."

"I didn't read that," Jurgie says, taking in a single gulp half of the

packaged sandwich Sam Huff holds out to him. He washes it down with a mouthful of Gatorade and tears up the stack of fan mail he just finished reading. "Somebody wants me to sing *Sunny*," he says. "I'm not singing this year." The lunch hour over, he starts off for the meeting room. He'll be in meetings until after 6, then he'll head straight home, blind to the pleasure troves of other seasons. Back in some distant life when he lived in a split-level house three quarters up a hill in the Philadelphia suburb of Gulph Mills, his first wife used to look out the window at the redwood executive homes up higher and say: "Some day I'd like to live on top of our hill." They never made it. Now Sonny and his second wife, Margo, are pricing an estate bordering Mount Vernon, George Washington's old place.

"Why do sportswriters have to keep digging up that old Philadelphia crap?" Sonny asks, running a hand through his orange, bowl-cut hair. His barber must be a monk. "Philadelphia! It's got a good train station." Philadelphia newspapers used to express an abnormal curiosity about Sonny's drinking habits, and in those days it was an easy curiosity to exercise. "When I left Philadelphia," he used to say in his early days with Washington, "the bartenders all wore black armbands." Now, in the locker room in Washington, he says, "There was this young quarterback, he had red hair, he asked me to give him a tip. I told him to dye his hair. Otherwise, the first time he takes one drink in a public place it'll come out 10 drinks."

During his retirement from coaching last year, Vince Lombardi retreated to a luxurious, sound-proof security chamber in Green Bay's press box and from time to time emerged, larger than life, as something like "Pop Football." The Boy Scouts made him a Silver Buffalo. He was the New York C.Y.O.'s Sportsman of the Year, and a poll of one million salesmen named him Salesman of the Year. Addressing Dallas' establishment Salesmanship Club, he bared his soul in an *America*: Love

it or leave it! speech that ought to be reprinted on the head of a pin. He said: "The prevailing sentiment in this country is if you don't like the rule, break it. Maybe we have too much freedom. We are in a time when society seems to have sympathy only for the misfit, the losers. Let us also cheer for the doers, the winners!"

Cleveland, where the Redskins will play the Browns, is Lombardi's kind of town. Nothing happens after dark. "You should have seen the list of off-limits places he handed out in New Orleans," says one Redskins. "The only place left was the Ol' South Pancake Kitchen." All week before the Cleveland game Lombardi is in a foul mood. His stomach bothers him and his gums are still sore from grinding his bridge during the New Orleans game. But once he arrives in Cleveland he appears relaxed and happy.

Lombardi has said that to beat the Browns the Redskins must 1) run the football and 2) shut down Cleveland's running game. To accomplish these objectives they must control the ball, which means the pressure will be on Jurgensen to make the third-down play.

Resisting such current trends as the multiple offense, Lombardi seems determined to reproduce the brute here-we-come running game that was the Green Bay trademark. The only things missing are Jim Taylor and Paul Hornung. Now the running backs are named Gerry Allen, Larry Brown and Charley Harraway. Washington's running attack will improve in the fourth game of the season, but for now it is no better or worse than it has been in recent years, and in the first quarter against Cleveland a Lombardi detractor cracks: "Notice Lombardi's new system—putting the blockers behind the runner."

What is different about this Washington team is its tenacity, its



Lombardi's endless sprint drills in training camp made Number Nine's famed potbelly go the way of all flesh.

refusal to go down before an obviously superior opponent. The tenacity will be evident the next week, too, when Jurgensen's passing ties San Francisco in the final minute, and the week after that, when the Redskins intercept five passes against St. Louis and upset the Cardinals, 33-17. The Redskins are practicing what Lombardi calls "mental toughness." In Lombardi's book this means: "a singleness of purpose... once you have agreed upon the price that you must pay for success, it enables you to forget that price."

A light rain falls in Cleveland, then a heavy rain. The Redskins slog on. With less than a quarter to go, they trail the Browns, 20-10. They slog on, trusting the gospel. Seventy yards and three Jurgensen passes later it is 20-16.

Then a miracle arrives. Defensive end Leo Carroll falls on a Cleveland fumble at the Browns' 13. In one play Jurgensen takes his team in, throwing the 196th touchdown pass of his professional career. With 4:30 remaining Washington owns a three-point lead, 23-20. The irony is that Jurgensen has done his job too well. He scored too soon, he admits later: he should have used up more time. But he didn't and now Cleveland marches 74 yards in seven plays, scoring the winning touchdown with one minute and 19 seconds remaining.

After the game Jurgensen is the first man dressed. He has his overnight case and has started for the door when the writers discover him, and they don't know what to say, he played so well, he came so close.

"We lost," he says, "that's all I have to say." He brushes past them and heads toward the bus. A man in a baggy Lombardi suit.

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From a new LIFE book,
raw materials for a truly Great Dinner

The Larder

For the past five years LIFE has been presenting Great Dinners: memorable menus and the recipes—and kitchen tactics—to go with them. Now, a culminating collection of 50 Great Dinners has been published by Time-Life Books. Included in the additional material prepared for the book by

LIFE Senior Editor Eleanor Graves is the guide to a well-stuffed pantry that appears on these pages. To make cooking easier and more inventive, it suggests what is needed and what might be nice to try in four main categories—starches, spices and herbs, condiments, and sweeteners.



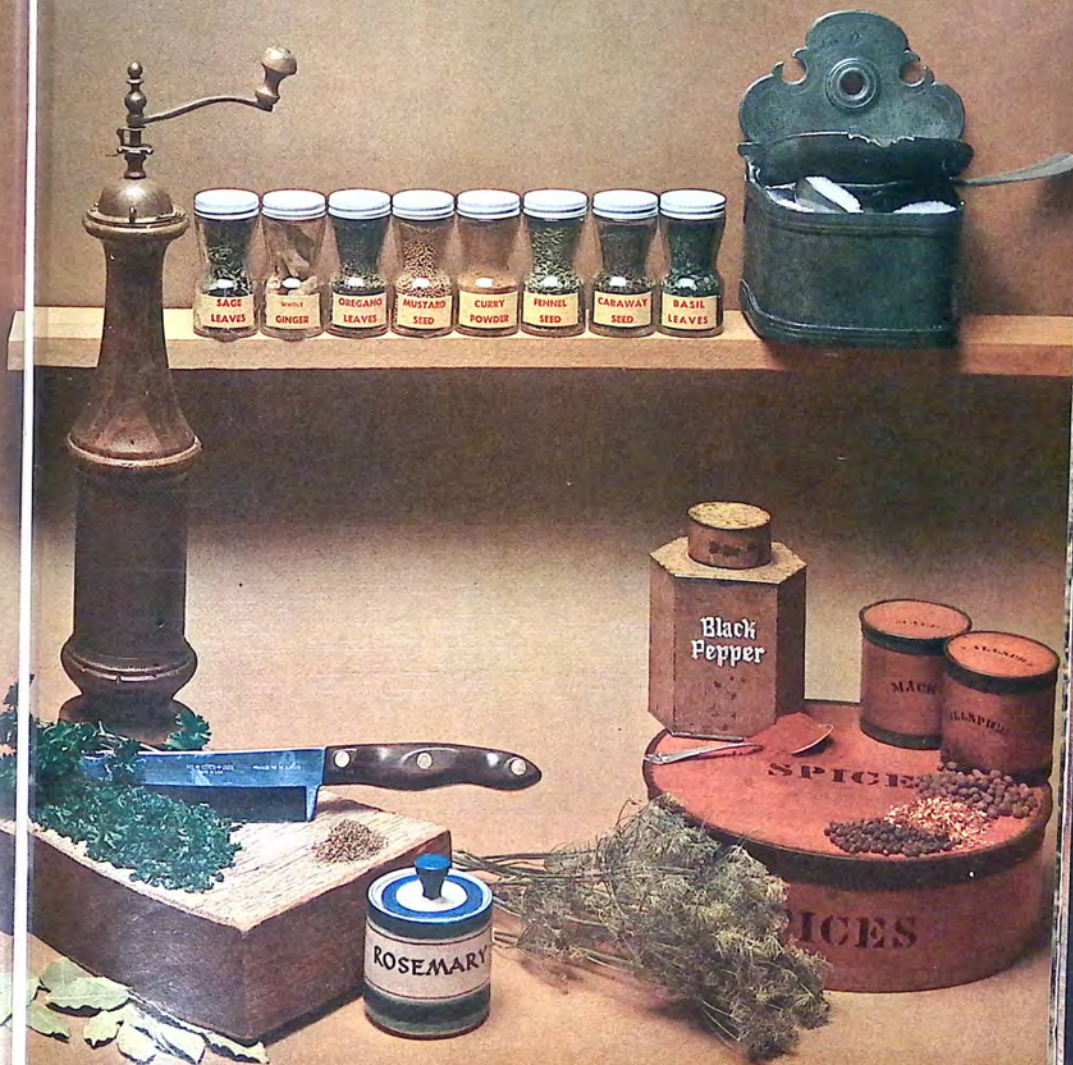
The Starches

Every starch pictured here has a singular advantage: it can be cooked and brought to the table to be eaten practically as is. Americans too seldom vary the old standbys, potatoes and rice, with starches equally as good, such as beans, pasta and the numerous grain products. From upper left: a bag of white rice; in the three-tiered jar are chick-peas, red kidney beans and lima beans, all excellent and nutritious additions to soup and casseroles. In the sack are potatoes of every kind: yams, darker in color than the sweet potato, and much more available, baking potatoes, fluffy when cooked; old, or all-purpose, potatoes; and new ones, best for boiling. Christopher Morley once said, "No man is lonely while eating spaghetti—it requires too much attention." The apothecary jar bristles with a dozen ways to stave off loneliness, but there are at least 150 other shapes of pasta to choose from. Nutty-flavored wild rice (at lower left) is not a rice at all but a very expensive wild grain; curried rice is one of many seasoned rices recently available; lentils are in the small glass jar at right; barley, kasha and bulgur are in a ladle. Barley is most often used in soups. Kasha (buckwheat groats) and bulgur, a cracked wheat, are both popular in the Middle East and often served with lamb or chicken. Other cereal foods that can be used as part of the main course are cornmeal and hominy grits. Flour ranks as the principal starch for baking. Besides flour, arrowroot and cornstarch are used for thickening sauces, gravies and stews.

Photographed by
MARK KAUFFMAN

Spices and Herbs

Spices (roots, berries and seeds) and herbs (leaves) almost more than anything else determine how a dish will taste. Fresh herbs are infinitely more delicious—and more delicate—than dried herbs, use them if you can get them. Here is a basic, but far from skimpy, spice shelf. In the back row are marjoram, a member of the mint family, excellent with lamb; sage, often the dominant flavor of stuffing; ginger root, shaved, useful in curries and Chinese cookery; oregano, the "pizza taste"; mustard seed, for salad dressing; curry, a blend of many spices; fennel, a licorice-flavored seed, excellent with fish; caraway, the "rye bread seed"; basil, with an affinity for tomatoes; a container of salt, neither spice nor herb, but the cook's most essential seasoner, in regular or coarse grinds. At bottom are a tin of ground ginger, cinnamon sticks and cloves, both useful for pickling and marinating; tarragon leaves—a favorite with the French for chicken, demanded for Béarnaise sauce; nutmeg, classic on custards, excellent with some meats and vegetables; savory, a soup and salad herb; on the chopping block, parsley, perhaps the most useful of them all; thyme, for chowder and Creole cooking; bay leaves, for marinades and stews; rosemary, fresh dill, a Scandinavian standby; in the spoon, paprika, the Hungarian's delight; mace, nutmeg's outer husk and very like it in flavor; allspice, a single berry combining the flavors of cinnamon, clove, nutmeg and juniper; black peppercorns for grinding; hot chili flakes.



The Zests

Some of these are for cooking, some are garnishes. All step up the seasoning of anything they are used with. Across the top are shallots, the most delicate of the onion family; red onions, splendid in salads, scallions. Below (in bottles, left) are

capers and all-purpose mustard; chili peppers, to add heat; Bermuda onions, relatively mild, best for French frying; catsup, America's favorite condiment; chili sauce (far right). In bottom row: vegetable oil, olive oil; earthy leeks,

braised or used in stews; Dijon mustard, a French version, mustard relish, garlic, indispensable and indiscreet, to be used with caution, Tabasco, a fiery liquid seasoning; a prepared meat sauce; green pepper; chutney, a must with cur-

ry; olives; Worcestershire sauce; pimientos (jar at bottom), a colorful, sweet-tasting garnish; white wine vinegar with tarragon; bottled horseradish, for meats and sauces; all-purpose yellow onions; red wine vinegar; and dill pickles.



The Sweets

Most sweeteners fall into two categories: sugars, derived from sugarcane or sugar beets, and fruit-based jellies and preserves. Since one sweetener can often stand in for another, it is unnecessary to have them all. However, you should keep on hand a sprinkling of the principal varieties of sugar and a sampling of jams, whichever are your favorites. Left to right, top row: a jar of honey, with its own distinctive flavor; a bottle of corn syrup, less sweet than sugar, essential for many candies and icings; orange marmalade, sometimes used in cooking, more often served at breakfast; the common sugar cube; mint jelly, a favorite accompaniment for lamb; a red shaker containing powdered sugar, a superfine granulated type which is often confused with confectioners' sugar, which is a powder; sparkling white fast-dissolving granulated sugar for all-around use; light and dark brown sugars, tasting slightly like molasses. The light brown is milder and best for condiments and frosting; the dark is more for baked beans and glazed hams. Bottom row: a shaker of spicy cinnamon sugar for toast; red currant jelly, used in sauces, desserts, and often served with fowl; sugar lumps; maple syrup to drench pancakes; strawberry preserves; an apothecary jar of decoratively colored sugar crystals; a jar of comb honey with a chewy texture; a scoop full of confectioners' sugar for dusting cakes and doughnuts; a jug of molasses.



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INVESTIGATIVE REPORT

Faircloth's Law: A New Way To Nail Elusive Mobsters?

by DENNY WALSH

There is nothing more slippery than a top mobster with a good lawyer; ask any prosecutor. For this reason, a great deal of national attention will turn this week to Miami Beach, where Florida Attorney General Earl Faircloth is using a brand-new legal weapon against organized crime.

Faircloth's instrument is a controversial statute passed by the Florida legislature earlier this year. Mobsters have thrived and proliferated like cockroaches in the Florida resort business, untouched by conventional criminal laws. The new approach is designed to hit them where it hurts most—in the wallet—and to do it through the civil courts.

Faircloth is filing civil complaints in Dade County this week against 13 corporations—and their officers—which control 19 resort establishments worth \$40 million and concentrated in "Motel Row," the gaudy, unincorporated strip to the north of Miami Beach proper. The complaints ask that the state take away the corporations' charters and issue injunctions against further business operations by any of the defendants—either as corporations or as individuals. The suits charge that the corporations are connected with "organizations, syndicates or criminal societies" engaged in one or more of the crimes specified in the new law. They also assert that the defendants are Mafia-controlled or influenced by money derived from Mafia activities.

Even though he is not personally named in the suits, the specific target of Faircloth's first volley is Meyer Lansky, the richest and arguably the biggest gangster in the U.S. The 18 motels along the Row, and the Singapore Hotel in Bal Harbour, are controlled by Lansky

through a group of associates known as the "Minneapolis Combination," headed by Isadore ("Kid Cann") Blumenfeld and his younger brother, a familiar and powerful Miami Beach figure who goes by the name Yiddy Bloom.

Meyer Lansky, though regarded by many enforcement officials as the key man in the Mafia establishment, is not, owing to ethnic considerations, a member of it. His Florida-based but world-ranging gangsters function as investment counselors and money-movers for the entire Cosa Nostra network (LIFE, Sept. 1 and 8, 1967), and resort properties are an important percentage of their stock-in-trade.

Getting a legal grip on the tangled interests of the Minneapolis Combination in Miami Beach properties will be as true a test of this new approach as might be imagined. Some of the best lawyers and financial brains in the nation have helped design the Mob's labyrinth of corporations, deeds, mortgages, leases, subleases, loans, assignments and stock transfers which screens the identities of the backers in a way to bewilder even the Internal Revenue Service.

Why do people like Meyer Lansky, Yiddy Bloom, Kid Cann and their associates pick resort properties for investments? Tax write-offs, for one thing; depreciation allowances can be applied to cancel out high taxes on reported illegal income. Beyond that, resort properties provide channels through which illegitimate funds can be "laundered." The Mafia's illegal ventures generate tremendous amounts of cash. Meyer Lansky's

CONTINUED



Florida Attorney General Faircloth



Eighteen of the motels in the "Motel Row" strip north of Miami Beach (enclosed in red at right) are named in civil suits filed this week as being controlled by organized crime interests.

'A barrel of legal snakes' for the defense attorneys



The rarely seen Meyer Lansky (shown above) and Yiddy Bloom, head really manipulator for the notorious Minneapolis Combine, have met regularly to discuss their mutual Mob interests at the Singapore Hotel, where Bloom (below) was spotted last month taking the sun at poolside.



CONTINUED

chief role is to find places to put it, places where it will be profitable and impossible to trace. In addition, the resorts provide their own built-in opportunities for illicit gambling and profit-skimming.

Some of the establishments also serve as meeting places—indeed, convention centers—for gangsters passing through, dropping in to confer with Lansky. The Singapore Hotel functioned for years as headquarters for Lansky and the Minneapolis Combination. Meetings used to be held in the coffee shop but have recently moved to the bar, where a hidden back room offers more privacy. Some of the biggest hoodlums in the nation drop in regularly to confer. Money skimmed out of Las Vegas casinos also comes to the Singapore, by courier, then goes on to numbered bank accounts in Switzerland and Nassau. Yiddy Bloom has special status at the Singapore: the front desk pages him by number—"one-oh-one," and Yiddy picks up a house phone.

The Faircloth statute is the first piece of civil legislation in the country which names organized crime as its target. It authorizes the state attorney general to demand that the charter of any in-state corporation be lifted if its officers or managers are engaged in certain criminal activities. If the corporations are chartered out-of-state, the attorney general can try to revoke their Florida operating permits. A second section of the law allows the attorney general to seek injunc-

tions against businesses other than corporations engaging in certain illegal conduct. Two additional lawsuits are being filed under a subsection which allows the shutting down of businesses whose officers or employees are caught engaging in the type of illegal activities—i.e., prostitution, gambling—in which mobsters flourish. Faircloth's basic theory is that no one has a constitutional right to a corporate charter, but that since it is a privilege, granted by the state when certain conditions are met, it may be revoked at the state's discretion.

So far as the elusive mobsters are concerned, of course, the gimmick is that this is a civil action. "The burden of proof," says Faircloth, "is the preponderance of the evidence, rather than the criminal rule of proof beyond and to the exclusion of every reasonable doubt." Civil procedures for discovering evidence are broader than criminal procedures and permit the subpoenaing of books and records. What is more, a corporation cannot claim the protection of the Fifth Amendment against self-incrimination. "If it refuses to produce the books," says Faircloth, "its defense can be stricken and a default judgment entered."

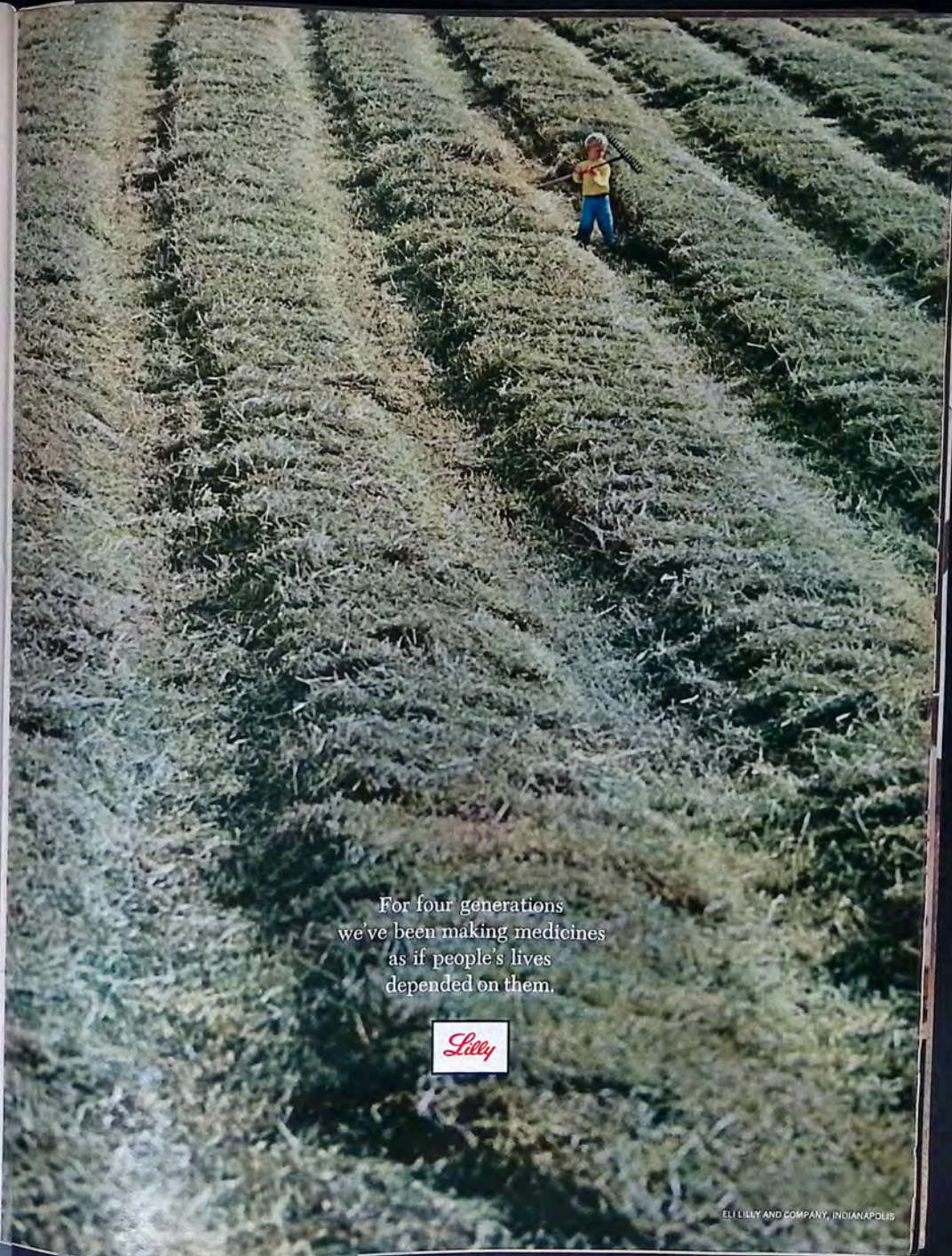
But can corporate officers take the Fifth Amendment in depositions? That remains to be seen. "My theory," says the attorney general, "is that a man can refuse to answer only if it will incriminate him personally. But if he is there in a representative capacity of the corporation and does not answer, his company is in default."

Attorney General Faircloth is not motivated solely by a higher interest in the law. As a Democrat, he also is an announced candidate to run against Governor Claude Kirk next year, and Kirk has made a lot of mileage on the organized crime issue. Faircloth neither debates nor seems particularly bothered by the political overtones of his drive for the new law, which he conceived and helped draft and lobby through the Florida legislature. "This law is bottomed on the police power of the state," he says confidently. "The state may pass almost any law under the police power to protect the morals, the welfare and the safety of its citizens."

Not everyone agrees. There is an obvious question of the law's constitutionality, which must be resolved by the courts. "We are going on," says the attorney general, "until some court says cease and desist. If we find the law is unconstitutional, and if this is a weapon that frustrates organized crime in its operation, then we better change the Constitution."

Faircloth exudes optimism at the same time that he foresees a "nightmare of technicalities." He expects some of the principals to lie under oath during depositions, and he is prepared to press for criminal perjury prosecutions if that happens. "From my experience in civil law," says Faircloth, "I know this will be a barrel of legal snakes [for Mob-connected businesses]." He hopes meanwhile that while the mobsters are squirming to stay in business, enforcement agencies will collect valuable information during the proceedings. He will invite the IRS to sit in on deposition sessions.

If the attorney general can make it work, legal experts feel certain many other states will quickly pass similar statutes. By benign tradition which might be traced all the way back to the heyday of piracy, Florida has been hospitable to organized crime. Its climate, its waterways, its proximity to the Caribbean islands and Latin America—and in recent years its status as the home country of Lansky, the Mob's legendary fiscal wizard—have combined to make it a place where a gangster could feel at home, surrounded by his friendly criminal lawyers. Presumably those lawyers are now recruiting help in the unfamiliar area of civil law. If Faircloth's law survives in the courts, their clients will need all the help they can get.



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The charter members of the world's first heart-transplant club and their wives listen to President Bill Karraker. From left are Carl and Effie Sheaffer, Sasha Gilien, Nancy and Bob McKee and Nancy Gilien. Marty Karraker is at the piano. The day after the meeting, signs of tissue rejection sent Karraker back to the Stanford Medical Center (below) for a checkup.



A Brotherhood of Borrowed Time

by DAVID SNELL

From the pulpit of St. John's Episcopal Church in Stockton, Calif., the Reverend Kenneth F. Schildt gazed over the packed pews as he intoned the order for the burial of the dead. To his right, in a flag-draped casket flanked by an honor guard of city policemen, lay his parishioner, William Henry Karraker—World War II hero, insurance executive, civic leader and, in the last year of his life, a man who had been held in awe by his townspeople. At 50, in surgery performed last Nov. 22 by Dr. Norman E. Shumway at Stanford Medical Center, Bill Karraker had become history's 87th recipient of another person's heart. He had returned home to lead a vigorous life and then, on the 281st day, the alien heart had abruptly failed.

I had been a witness to three days of that life, seeking answers to questions which have troubled a great many physicians and laymen alike. Can this most dramatic of medical innovations, cardiac transplantation, be justified as therapy? Or is it, as doubters have suggested, merely a bizarre and costly experiment doomed to failure?

My interest in Bill Karraker and these questions was both journalistic and personal—and as I sat in the front pew with his family I thought back to the origins. Three decades ago he had swept into my



Karraker's weekly examinations included electrocardiogram

CONTINUED

small orbit as a bright and brazen impudence working his way through college peddling Bibles. He was what today would be called a swinger, but in Minden, La., my home town, he projected the manner of an earnest divinity student. Those of us who got to know him were amused by this. Bill was just passing through until he fell giddily in love with Martha Strange, one of the town's prettiest and brightest girls. And so, to the huge spiritual benefit of the community, he stayed and stayed. Finally he left, then one day during the war he came back, in uniform, splendid with decorations, married Marty and took her away.

"Imagine," he said. "Strange-Karraker! There ought to be a law."

Last May our paths crossed again. Marty had written to tell me of the deterioration of Bill's heart and of the family's voted decision—that he would undergo heart-transplant surgery. The operation had been a success. The letter concluded: "Bill has been home since March 12 and is doing great. There are now four transplants out of the hospital and we're all going out to dinner together on May 23 to celebrate."

It further developed that Bill, a demon organization man and joiner, intended to use the occasion to establish the world's first heart-transplant club. If ever there could be a sign that cardiac transplantation had come of age, this was it.

I called the Karrakers and told Bill I wanted an invitation to his party. Like a lot of people, I had the impression that a person who has had a heart transplant is virtually an invalid. So I was hardly prepared for Bill's robust response. "Great!" he hollered into the phone. "You bet your life you can come. Lemme know what flight and I'll drive over to San Francisco and meet you, hear?"

I was still mulling that one over when the phone rang. It was Marty calling back, to make sure Bill had got it straight about my coming. "I was out shopping when you called and he was sort of woozy," she said. "He's a sergeant in the police reserve and was up half the night in the prow car."

So I went to Stockton, where for three days I trailed a man who tried to cram 48 hours' worth of living into every 24. Since I had seen him last he had gone bald on top and become considerably more rotund. But the most conspicuous change was a bloating of the face. "Oh, that,"

CONTINUED

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'All us transplants eat like barracudas'

CONTINUED

he said, grinning. "All us transplants are moon-faced. We've got appetites like barracudas. It's a result of the medication we take to hold down tissue rejection."

Apart from the physical changes he was the same hustler he had been as a Bible salesman. He was constantly scurrying around to business appointments, giving speeches, climbing in and out of his reserve policeman's uniform, trying to keep tabs on his four children—ValRae, 23; Perry, 20; Mendy, 15; and Kathy, 11. Sometimes, when Bill would hold still for it, you'd see Marty unobtrusively take his wrist and lip-count the pulse. The doctors had taught her how to check for early signs of tissue rejection.

When he'd go to the bar and pour himself a bourbon, or poke into the refrigerator, or pull off at a roadside hamburger stand, you'd catch a look on her face that told you this was the way it must be, that life with Bill was a thing to be accepted gratefully. "We've had him now for six months and if it happens, it happens," she said. "You have to look at it realistically. That's the only way our family can survive."

On the Friday morning of the dinner party we drove the 90 miles to Palo Alto for Bill's weekly checkup. At the Stanford Medical Center he put on a surgical mask to pro-

tect him from any germs in the hospital; the immuno-suppressant medications had made him highly receptive to infections. While Bill headed into his clinical routine, I called on Dr. Shumway and his associate, Dr. Edward Stinson, whose specialty is the early diagnosis and treatment of rejection. They are legendary pioneers in the field of cardiac transplantation.

I found them cautiously optimistic about the prospects for Bill Karraker and the other out-patient transplants. They were hopeful, too, about the long-range prospects of the program. They had performed another heart transplant the previous day.

Dr. Shumway did have some peripheral concerns. For one thing, the therapy-vs.-experimentation debate was producing a serious consequence. Stanford was having difficulty getting some of the medical insurance companies to pay the hospital bills for heart transplantation: the insurers maintained they should not have to subsidize work they regarded as largely experimental. As Dr. Shumway saw it, the fact that he and his fellow physicians were learning from their experiences did not alter the fact that patients themselves have benefited. "If you look at it from the point of view of the patient, it certainly is therapy," he said. "But from the standpoint of the physician here, it represents a lot more."

Then there was the matter of the psychiatric upsets. A couple of weeks earlier, Dr. Donald T. Lunde, a psychiatric consultant to the Stanford transplant team, had made some public comments about psychiatric difficulties experienced by transplant recipients in the early postoperative stages. In some instances, the psychiatrist noted, there were belligerence and persecution delusions. They appeared sometimes to be a result of premonition, a drug

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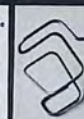
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'They're leading almost normal lives'

CONTINUED

given to prevent tissue rejection, and other times a result of the emotional shock of receiving another person's heart. Dr. Lunde did not suggest that the psychoses were other than temporary, but some newspapers left the impression that anyone who gains a new heart will lose his mind.

"These stories," said Dr. Shumway, "are not true. All four patients who are out of the hospital are really remarkably normal individuals, and they are leading almost normal lives."

Dr. Stinson went to look at Bill Karraker. A few minutes later he reappeared holding strips of electrocardiogram readings, and beckoned to Marty Karraker. When she returned, her face telegraphed the news. Dr. Stinson had detected signs of tissue rejection. He also was concerned about the weight Bill had put on. It was too early to assess the rejection, and there was no cause to call off the dinner party. Still, the situation would bear watching.

The dinner was held at Rudolfo's Steak House, not far from the medical center. Dr. Shumway and his associates had been invited but chose not to attend. It was just as well for their peace of mind; the menu was hardly what the doctor ordered. There were two-inch-thick steaks, huge baked Idaho potatoes with craters of butter and sour cream, and a buffet table loaded with antipastos, salads and breads. There were cocktails beforehand, wines through the meal and champagne toasts afterward to the success of heart transplantation and the long, happy life of all present.

The four transplants, who had little in common beyond their medical adventures, fought the temptation to overeat. Sasha Gilien, 43, who had been a Hollywood scriptwriter, made a game of pushing things away and concentrated on making notes for the book he planned to write on his experiences. Carl Sheaffer, 55, a gentle bear of a man who had been a plumber in Winchester Bay, Ore. before his illness, simply fumbled with his food and talked of the great fishing back home. Bob McKee, 52, a mechanical engineer who had gone into the real estate business in Palo Alto after his transplant, counted calories like an abacus. Even Karraker was so busy having fun and thinking about the remarks he intended to offer that his waitress (whom Marty had nudged) was able to escape to the kitchen with uneaten portions of his servings.

Afterward they moved to the piano in the cocktail lounge. With Marty at the keyboard they soared into choruses of "You gotta have heart, miles and miles of heart." Then, off-key from Karraker, came "Give my regards to Shumway." The management and patrons were relieved when the transplants retired to a private dining room to talk business.

Bill was the keynoter: "I don't know how I got roped into doing the talking on this, but anyway here I am and, by golly, it's certainly nice to be together. I think we should formulate a Transplant Club, and I'd like to open it up for suggestions. I figure we should start the club off with the people who are in this room, and then open it up to the other transplants in other parts of the world if they want to join."

After his election as president, Bill told the group that his ambition was for the club to raise money to support transplant research. As he sketched his plans, Marty quietly took his wrist and squinted at her watch. Then she

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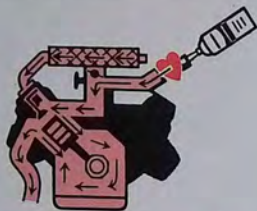
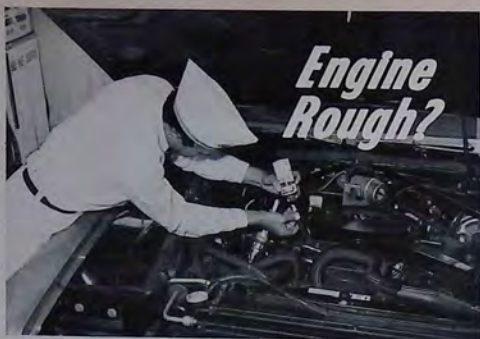


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The rejection was definitely gaining

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slipped away to a telephone booth. Bill's pulse was 120 a minute, much faster than it should be. The rejection that Dr. Stinson had detected earlier was gaining.

The next day Bill went back to the medical center for more tests, and on Sunday he was admitted for intensive antirejection treatment and a crash diet.

It took Dr. Stinson three weeks to beat back Bill's rejection symptoms and bring his weight down to a safe level.

In August the death of Dr. Philip Blaiberg—the world's longest-surviving heart transplant—and the newspaper stories stressing the "inevitability" of his tissue rejection had a depressing effect upon the club, whose membership had now grown to seven. But, Dr. Shumway and Dr. Stinson reminded them when they were all together on a check-up day, each of them had gone through bouts of rejection and bounced back—and, in any event, each patient is unique. Medical programs, Dr. Shumway said, do not stand or fall on the basis of what happens to one patient. Then Bill Karraker and Bob McKee got them to sign a letter of condolence to Mrs. Blaiberg. Everybody felt better.

After the signing, the Karrakers hurried back to Stockton. Marty went into rehearsal for a lead role in a local professional theater group's production, and Bill, true to his habit of flapping off in all directions, announced his candidacy for the city council. He also was dickering with a San Francisco lecture agency over a tour he hoped to make, with proceeds going to Dr. Shumway's program.

On Friday, Aug. 29, Marty caught Bill on the fly for one of his pulse readings and detected a slowdown. This was something new. She called Stanford and was told it might be a good idea if Bill checked in at a Stockton hospital for overnight observation. She looked in on him before her evening rehearsal and was assured he could go home in the morning. After rehearsal she telephoned his room. "Honey," he said, "you won't believe this, but I never felt better in my life."

A little before 2 a.m. on Saturday, Aug. 30, Marty wrenched awake. The bedside phone was ringing. A nurse had found Bill on the floor, dead.

The next day, Sunday, Bob McKee, the longest-surviving Stanford transplant, attained the first anniversary of his operation. The club had planned a dinner to celebrate the event. But Bob canceled it when he heard of Bill's death on the radio. Then he telephoned Marty.

A deep comradeship had ripened between Bob and Bill. Marty told him his presence at the funeral would be a comfort to the family and would serve as a show of the flag for the transplant program. Bob said he would come.

I flew to San Francisco and gave Bob a lift to Stockton in a rent-a-car. As we drove across the coastal range of mountains, we talked about Bill and the fact that he had died without even learning the name, age or sex of his heart donor. "I don't want to know," Bill had told me. "If I knew, I'd feel under obligation to the donor's family, and I'd always look upon it as someone else's heart. It's my heart."

McKee, conversely, had known the identity of his donor—a Palo Alto pediatrician who had died of a cerebral hemorrhage. Bob told me he had worried about the dead man's family, until he'd made discreet inquiries and learned they were well provided for. He said he had never regarded the

CONTINUED

John Bull's

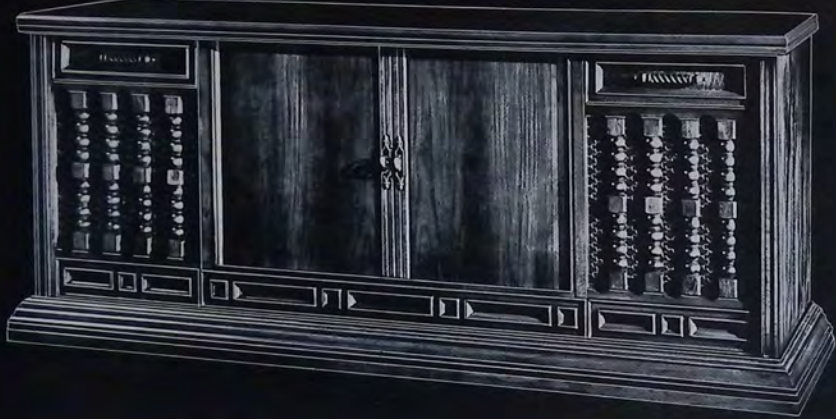
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Whenever she could, Marty checked Bill's pulse—even during breakfast

CONTINUED

heart as an alien presence. "The main feeling I have about my heart is that it is part of my overall sense of well-being," he said. "I'm aware, however, that it is a little slow to react."

A transplanted heart, he explained, has no hookup with the host's nervous system, although there is evidence one may develop in time. Until this happens, the heart cannot receive signals from the brain to adjust to the body's metabolic needs. Instead, it must take delayed cues from the host's endocrine system. When there is excitement or physical exertion, for instance, the heart does not respond until triggered by the hormone which the adrenal glands release into the bloodstream.

When we arrived at the Karraker house on the morning of the funeral, Bob demonstrated this to me. A broad-shouldered man who exercised regularly, McKee invited me to test him at arm-wrestling. We locked hands and squared off elbow-to-elbow across Bill's bar. In seconds he pressed the back of my hand down—without the slightest quickening of his pulse until minutes later.

Two weeks earlier McKee had got in some practice in a Palo Alto tavern. A muscular young man, having no idea whom he was addressing, had made uncomplimentary remarks about McKee's jowly look and the older generation. McKee had challenged him to an arm-wrestle, easily won, and said, "Son, I think you should know you've just been put down by a 52-year-old heart transplant who's not one damned bit ashamed of his generation."

At the church, with the funeral service for Bill Karraker over, the casket was wheeled out into overpoweringly bright sunshine. Television crews were in position and there was a thunder of throttles as the police motorcycle escort formed up.

"Oh, Mother, why did they have to take movies of us crying?" asked 11-year-old Kathy, sitting at my side in the jump seat of the limousine.

"Because, darling," said Marty, "your father was a famous man. His life belonged to a great many people and we owe them this."

The cortege moved out toward the cemetery where Bill had told Marty he'd like to be buried. There, he was lowered into his grave with no heart at all. The alien one had been returned to the Stanford Medical Center. It would be studied to determine why—when there was no rejection as such—it had failed.

Back at the house after the graveside service, neighbors came with platters of food. They talked about the joy Bill Karraker had taken in being alive and fit. This reminded Father Schildt of something he wished he had included in his eulogy. One morning he and Bill had gone for coffee and the waitress had said, "Isn't it a lovely day?"

CONTINUED

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CONTINUED

"Young lady," Bill had replied, "every day is a lovely day."

I had found the answer to the questions which had brought me to Stockton.

In the evening the flow of callers slackened, and Bob McKee and I took Marty and Mendy out for a quiet dinner. Marty talked of the future. The need, she said, was for continuity. As soon as possible the girls would go back to school. Her son Perry would return to his psychology studies at the University of the Pacific and planned to record an album with his rock group, Stuart Little. As for herself, she would continue rehearsals—"Suddenly it means something to say the show must go on." She also was going to enter a nursing school and become an R.N.

McKee said he would do his best to keep the other transplants interested in the club. He would go on making speeches, and if there were fees he would continue to turn them over to Stanford's heart research program. His real estate business was doing well—and that reminded him; among his listings was a house that offered privacy and seclusion. It was ideal for a writer—and Sasha Gilien was considering buying it.

"And did I tell you about Carl Sheaffer?" McKee said. "He went out all alone on San Francisco Bay the other day and caught a 186-pound sturgeon."

The next morning Bob McKee and I drove back to Palo Alto. Here too continuity was the thing. On the day of the funeral Dr. Shumway had performed his 17th transplant. The recipient was Betty Johnson, a 45-year-old mother of four. McKee and I were introduced to her husband and sister. The operation had gone well and they were elated. "They'll have her on pretty heavy doses of prednisone at first," Bob told them. "If she says something wild or cross, don't pay any attention. It'll taper off."

I dropped in on Dr. Shumway. He had just performed open-heart surgery. He was still in his surgical clothes and he looked tired.

"We have two more recipients who are ready and waiting for an appropriate donor," he said. "We're operating on desperately ill people. If you had seen yesterday's lady—my God! She looked as though she had been on the Bataan death march. Emaciated beyond belief. That kind of patient is not going to wait for the halcyon days when we have such things as induced tolerance or a perfect way to control rejection. For people like that we have to do something today. What we hope is that as things happen to us here, like Mr. Karraker, we'll be building on this experience too. I think we're getting smarter all the time, but we still have an awful lot to learn."

His friends in Stockton turned out for Bill Karraker's funeral



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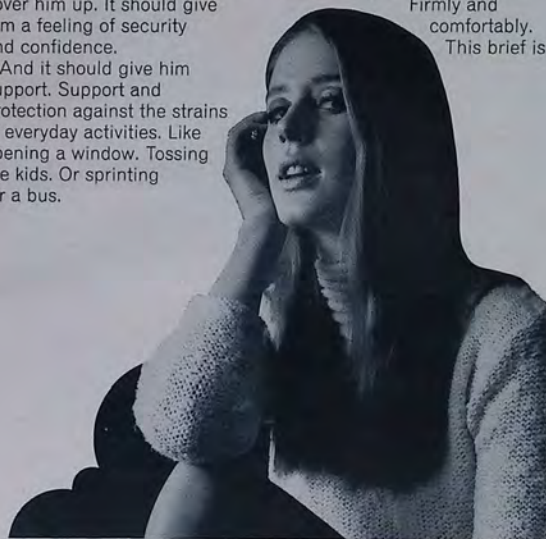
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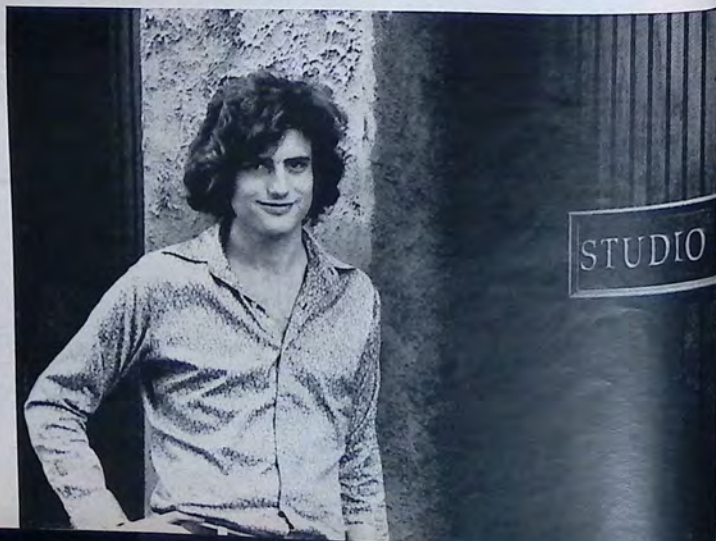
KATHY DUNN

Katherine Dunn, 24, wrote *Attie* in brief snatches between orders while waiting on tables in a Schraff's restaurant. The daughter of migrant farm workers, she ran away at 13. Her book is about six months she spent in a Kansas City jail for kiting checks. Would she ever write anything that is not autobiographical? "Why bother?"

ROBERT WESTBROOK

Columnist Sheila Graham's son, Bob, 23, was reared in Hollywood. He wrote *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* "in Rome while I was bored." He is not bored at the moment. He is writing the screenplay for the Martin Poll production of his book, for which he will serve as the assistant producer, and he recently eloped with Van Heflin's daughter Cathleen.

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Writers are blossoming early—
but will the bloom last?

A Yen for Young Authors

by LEONORE FLEISCHER

Time was, if a publisher could boast a World War II general, a '37 vintage ex-radical, a lady writer of genteel Gothics, and a Major American Novelist, he was set for the season. But then it got tricky. One year, everybody simply *had* to own a Major Jewish Novelist. I'll take Saul and you take Bernard and Bennett there can have Phil, he'll never amount to much. Then the competition was hot for a black. Not a Yerby, good Lord, no. An *angry* black, like Jimmy or Claude. Fortunately, there was a healthy, untapped reserve of angry Negroes with typewriters, pacing the corridors and peering over the transoms; today every publisher can have at least two blacks, one for show and one for quality. Now it's gimme, gimme time in bookland once again. The newest thing in covers is kids.

"As far under 30 as you can get 'em" would appear to be the name of the game, and it's middle-

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STEPHEN KOCH

Steve, 28, a New Yorker from Minnesota, wanted to be a writer since he was 11. Movie-oriented, he says, "I believe America is a culture yet to be formed" and wants to help form it by making films. He wrote *Night Watch*, a novel, in four months.

New Writers

CONTINUED

new crop were picked unripe; they should have been left to grow through a couple of rainy seasons. The best half-dozen are pictured herewith.

Different as individuals, collectively young writers share some attributes. Encapsulated in the double narcissism of youth and authorship, they look at the world with eyes of one-way glass. They tell lies. They are so deeply into themselves that their omphaloskepsis makes Norman Mailer (bless his hoary head!) comparable to Wordsworth's Lucy. Children of the McLuhan age, their linear perception is almost nil; raised on instant visual communication, they think in pictures, not words. They are impatient — impatient with reading, impatient with writing. The average length of time it took these kids to complete a first novel was three months. The books themselves are short. Jonathan Strong's *Tike* fills 209 pages only because the type is huge, but the short stories it contains (including the award-winning "Supperburger") are poised, stable cries from far across

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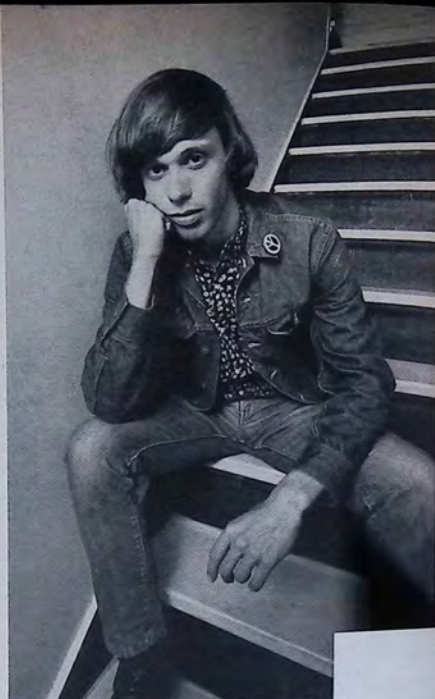
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STEPHEN K.

Steve, 28, a New Yorker from to be a writer since he was 11. says, "I believe America is a formed" and wants to help form. He wrote *Night Watch*, a novel.

New Writers

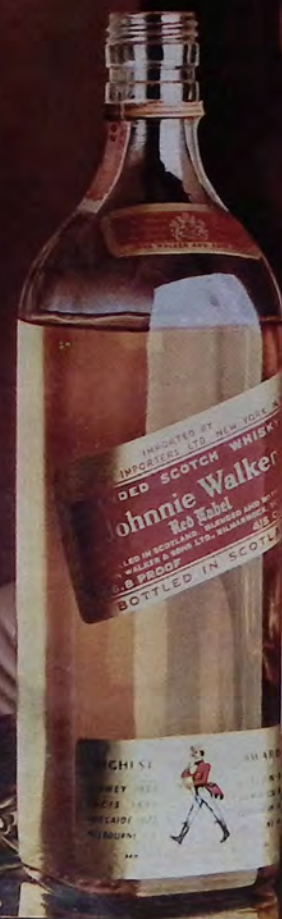
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New Writers

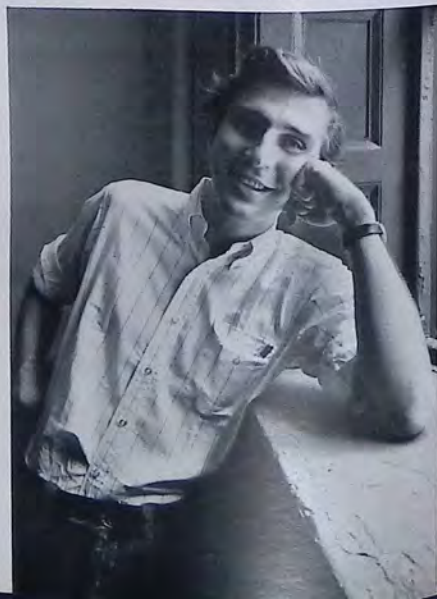
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the generation gap. *Alp* is so skinny that when Simon and Schuster sent me galleys the publicity girl mailed me two sets by mistake. Harper tells me that Kathy Dunn's wild, surrealistic *Attie*, which describes our world, but cocked at an angle about 35° toward the insane, will likely set to no more than 160 pages. Bob Westbrook's *The Magic Garden of Stanley Sweetheart* is a basically moralistic, book-length wet-dream-of-consciousness with less content than a loaf of white bread, about an alienated, freaked-out Columbia student.

These kids are impatient and on the move. Stephen Koch, whose *Night Watch* is objective, cinematic, Robbe-Grilletesque, is naturally just back from France. Kathy has split with her advance and her lover to the back end of Newfoundland. Thomas has already been everywhere. Westbrook is chained by the ankle, spinning the straw of his novel into the gold of a movie, but he'll be on the road again before long. Gatz is meditating on his second book in a borrowed apartment in Spanish Harlem; only Jon Strong, now teaching, seems to be putting down roots. And behind these baby faces lurk imaginations macabre; their books contain images perverse and unspeakable. Even sex is not joyous, but something to be approached with bitterness, pain and/or mockery. Are they faking us out? Is the Emperor's child naked? One thing is sure. Youth isn't wasted on them.

JONATHAN STRONG

Jonathan, untypically, is not a film man—"Just me and the reader," he says. He went east at 18, from Winnetka, Ill. to Harvard, studied three years, dropped out for three, then graduated and produced his first book, *Tike and Five Stories*.



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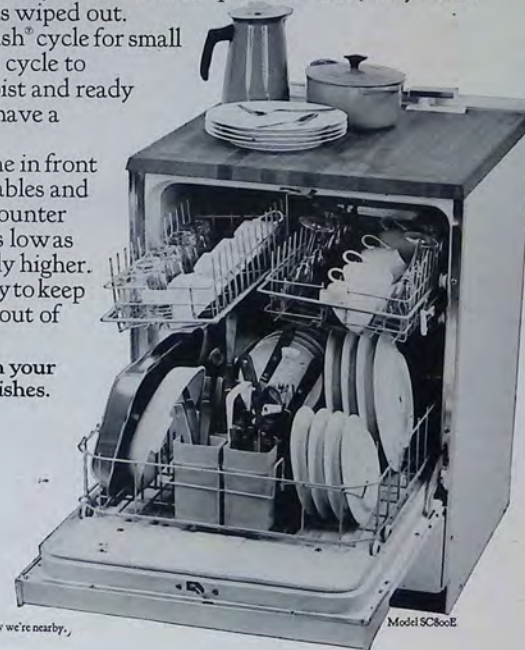
New GE dishwashers come in front load portables, top load portables and convertible models. Undercounter and undersink. Prices start as low as \$119.95*. Shaded colors slightly higher.

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Is it a Byrd? Is it a Jefferson Airplane? No—it's Supergroup!

A square word like conglomerate would never do for the newest superlative on the rock scene—the merger of stars from old groups into new and more impressive ones. Such constellations are called supergroups. The most successful is Blind Faith, a four-man English merger that represents two thirds of Cream and important fractions of two other groups, Traffic and Family.

In their first public appearance, a free concert in Hyde Park, Blind Faith drew a crowd of 150,000. On the first stop of their American tour last summer, the new supergroup sold out Madison Square Garden—even the \$6.50 folding chairs that are set up on the floor around the revolving stage. Their first album sold more than 400,000 copies the week it was released.

The crush and adulation are new to Rick Grech, who had labored for five years with the lesser-known Family. But the other members of Blind Faith—Eric Clapton and Ginger Baker from Cream, Steve Winwood from Traffic—are accustomed to superstardom. They just want to make music together. "This supergroup business is all to do with offices and agencies and press and publicity people," says Clapton. "They're the ones who invent all these things and they're the ones who criticize them. It has nothing to do with the music."

On their first American tour, Blind Faith played huge halls like the 19,000-seat Los Angeles Forum.



The stars of Blind Faith in concert (from left): Ginger Baker, drums; Rick Grech, electric violin, bass guitar; Steve Winwood, vocals, keyboards, guitar; Eric Clapton, lead guitar.



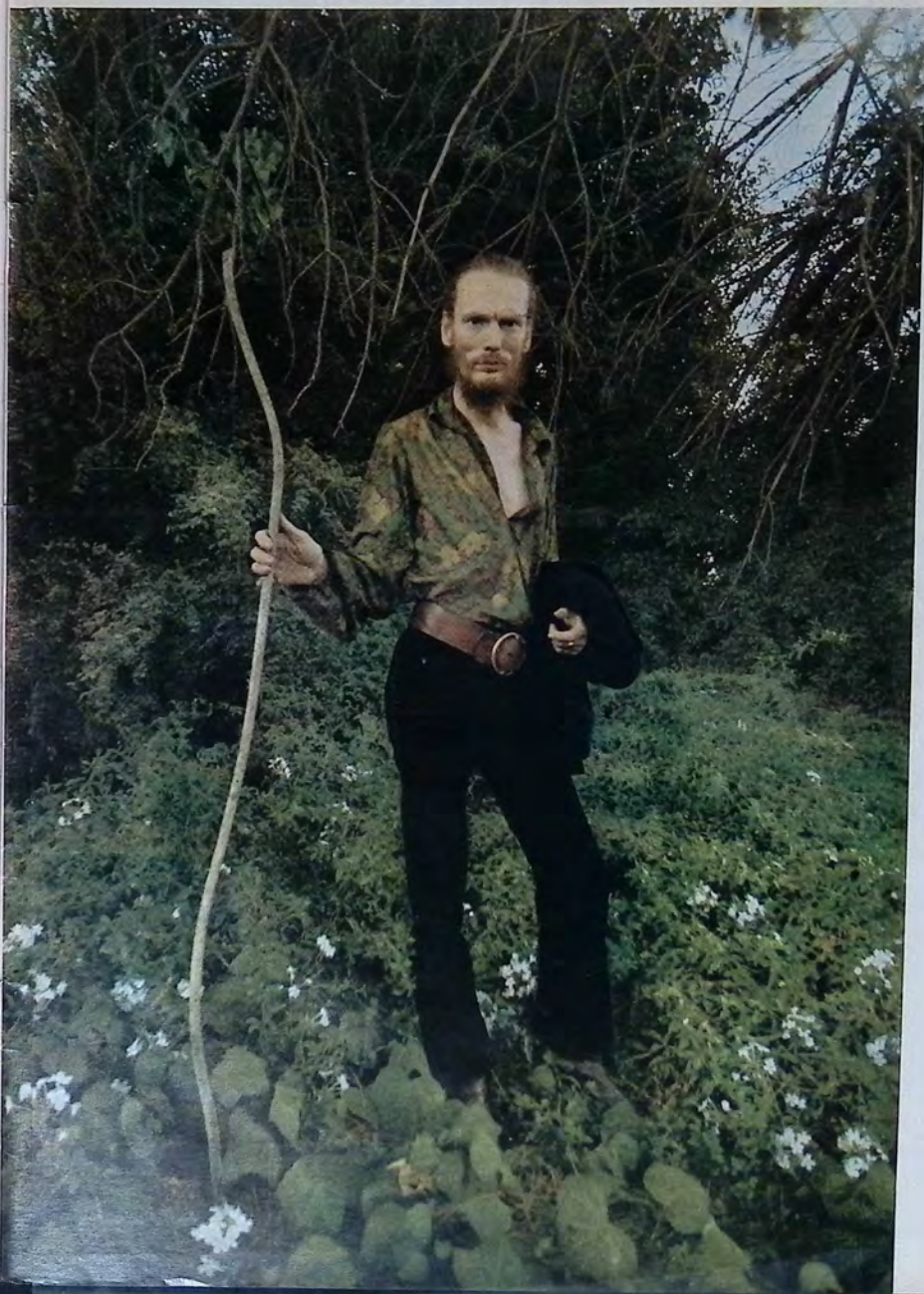
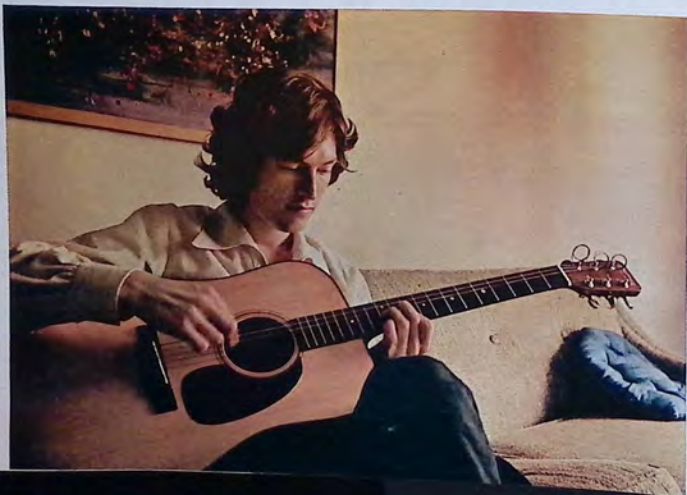


In a Los Angeles showroom Eric Clapton (above) considers buying a four-seater Excalibur. He has a Mercedes and a Mini-Moke, but this is something special—a copy of a 1927 Mercedes with a Corvette en-

gine. With extras, including stereo, it costs over \$20,000, and his managers are trying to dissuade him. He asks, "If you don't spend your money, what can you do with it? You can't even give it away."



The sight of Ginger Baker, his long hair tied back, beating furiously on his drums leaves a crowd bedazzled (above). Offstage, he likes to keep to himself (right). At left, Steve Winwood picks softly on a guitar in his Los Angeles hotel room. Though they play with electric instruments onstage, both he and Eric Clapton carry acoustic guitars when they travel—for pleasure and to work out the musical ideas that constantly occur to them.



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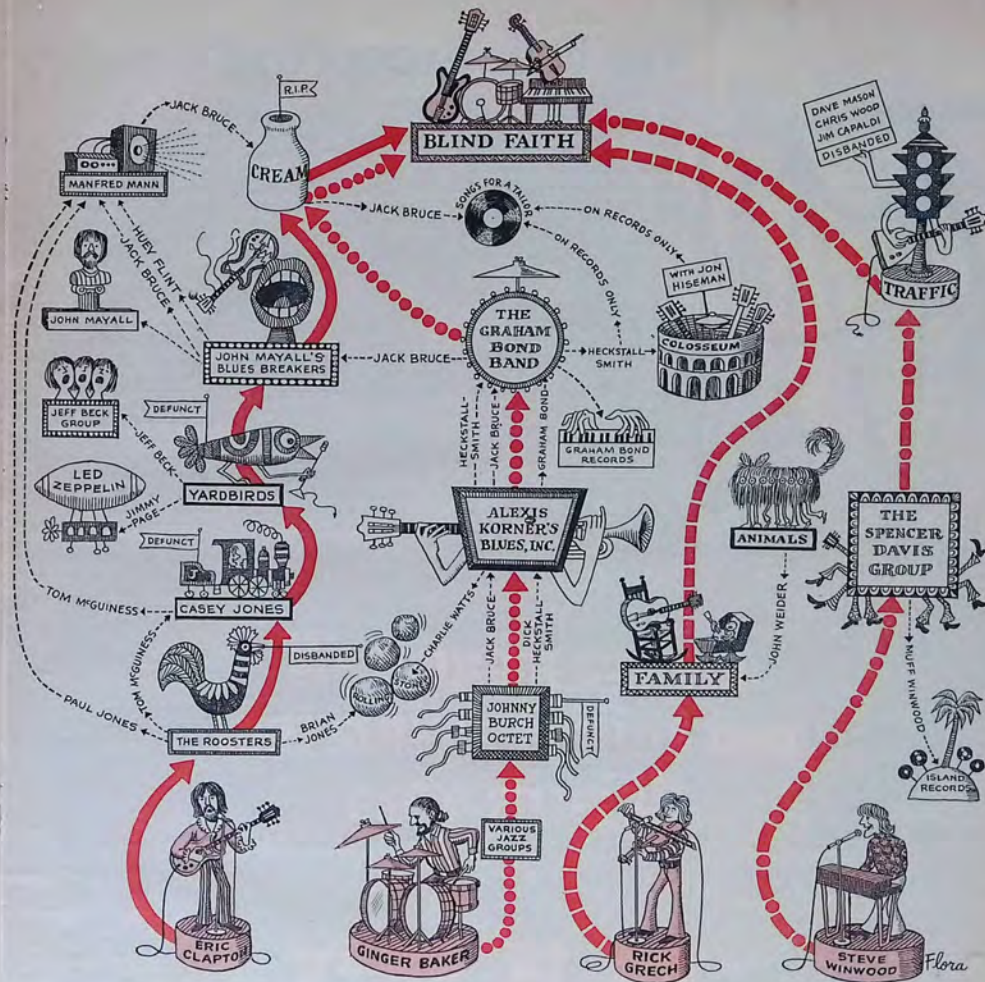
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The genealogy of a supergroup

Rock groups form, divide, multiply—and the fittest musicians survive. On their separate ways to the top the members of Blind Faith performed with a variety of English groups, most of them now defunct. This genealogy shows the ascend-

ing order of these groups, and the paths taken by some of their earlier colleagues. The fittest seem to start young: Clapton, now 24, was 16 when he joined his first group; Baker, 30, was 15; Grech, 23, was 18; Winwood, 21, was 15.

CONTINUED



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'No ties—except to the music'

by MAGGIE PALEY

Onstage, the four members of Blind Faith stay at a distance from one another. "The sound is better that way," Eric Clapton explains, but the choreography also seems appropriate to the kind of rock group they are: four mature musicians from different places and scenes who've chosen to come together in what Clapton calls "a very loose kind of arrangement, a breakthrough in freedom."

When Steve Winwood formed Traffic, at 18, he felt that a group should live together to make the best music, so Traffic lived at his \$5-a-week cottage, isolated on the Berkshire downs. During Blind Faith's recent stopover in Los Angeles, I saw them all together, offstage, only once—when they gathered for a group photograph. Ginger Baker, who wasn't staying at the same hotel as the others, had to be cajoled into coming around. Eric had to be picked up from the other side of town where he was in a recording session with another rock group. Steve Winwood and Rick Grech, who were upstairs in the hotel, didn't want to come down until the others were ready. But even if they don't care about posing for pictures, pop stars know how to do it, and when they finally assembled, the four naturally grouped themselves on a huge tree part. No one talked much, and after 10 minutes they all were bored and they separated.

I talked with Ginger afterward. He was more tired than unfriendly, but even with his eyes half-closed, as they were most of the time, he's a fierce-looking man and his demeanor doesn't mask a sweet disposition. "I'm just not a very sociable person," he says. "People seem to think I should want to talk to them, but I don't see why. Like after shows and such, they come up to you and say, 'Hello, I'm a drummer,' and you're supposed to say, 'Oh, well great, welcome to the Drummers' Club,' or something."

Where Ginger is suspicious of questions, Rick doesn't seem to want to think about them. Steve tries to be helpful but in the end, for him, there are no answers, only blind faith. "Music gets very difficult to talk about," he says, "because it's there anyway,

whether you talk about it or not."

Eric is the member of the group who can best express his ideas in terms of a nonmusician can understand—words. Naturally enough, he has the most to say on the theme that interests them all—artistic freedom, a problem perhaps more difficult for rock musicians than for any other artists. "Once you take your music and put it with other people's music," he says, "you get a community thing, a group sound. If you've got a personal direction in mind, you have to do it all on your own or work with musicians and construct it yourself. But if you're giving your music to become part of a group, you have to sacrifice your own wants and needs to that."

But there are wants and needs that only a group can satisfy. "I'm used to playing my kick, and so I like playing with the same people," Ginger says. "With Blind Faith, I think we're all on the same thing musically." Steve agrees. "This is like more of a complete unit than I've ever been in before," he says. "At the same time, that makes it confining. I've got to make an album of my own soon, and I'm going to experiment on that more than I've ever done."

"Since Steve has the freedom to do that," says Eric, "we feel we've each got the same freedom. I want to make my own album now, of very simple rock and roll. It's like 75 percent of my musical ideas go into Blind Faith, and the rest of them conglomerate in the back of my head, waiting for release."

"This group should be quite a breakthrough in that none of us is going to want to be tied down to it. And the group itself might decrease in size, it might expand, we might add brass, we might do anything. We'd even thought about changing the name sometime."

"I think it's up to us to break down all those barriers between groups, where a group says, 'Oh, well, we can't jam with them, because our manager says so.' I mean, why shouldn't you? What reason is there against it? The people around you with contracts can only make you believe that you're not free. Being a musician should be the freest life anybody could wish for. You don't really have any ties to anything or anybody. Except for your music."

A musical need brought these

four together, and if they break up it probably won't be because Ginger Baker isn't very sociable, or because Eric Clapton is. As one pop executive puts it: "What if suddenly Stevie Winwood says to himself, 'I hear a harp,' and everyone else says, 'What are you, nuts? You're getting \$25,000 a night and you're in the top ten—what are you hearing a harp for? Don't hear a harp.' But Stevie Winwood is a musician first, and if he has to, he'll go with his harp."

Performing, Blind Faith is something like a troupe of famous actors who've written and directed their own play, and can improvise on it as well, in front of huge audiences who understand their language only imperfectly. There was a sign up in the bleachers at their Los Angeles concert that said, "Clapton is God," a motto popular in the days of Cream. But Blind Faith isn't Cream, and Clapton, idolized for his brilliant, improvised guitar solos, apparently doesn't want to be God. Referring to this virtuosity as "technical ability," he says, "It's a sort of secondary thing. It's accompaniment, and if you take it beyond that it loses balance and gets gimmicky. What's important is your songs and the way you sing them."

Steve Winwood has written most of their songs and sings them all, but Blind Faith isn't Traffic, either. "I feel that we're taking part in a great blend," he says, "of music and of everything. Things have got to be blended together more. With the music, it's gotten a lot simpler, and when music gets simple it brings it all together, because music is all one thing."

Some fans and critics have been disappointed in the new blend. It's quieter music than they might have expected. It also has a complexity, richness and subtlety of tone and texture that requires close attention. The musicians aren't worried about the criticism and shouldn't be; a supergroup, like an all-star team, can never, by nature, live up to the expectations for it. "There's extra pressure on you," Eric says, "if you think, 'Well, I am a superstar, how dare people criticize me.' But if you bear it in mind that you're only a superstar because someone said you were, in your office, then you're okay. We've just started, really. We've got to explore a lot more."



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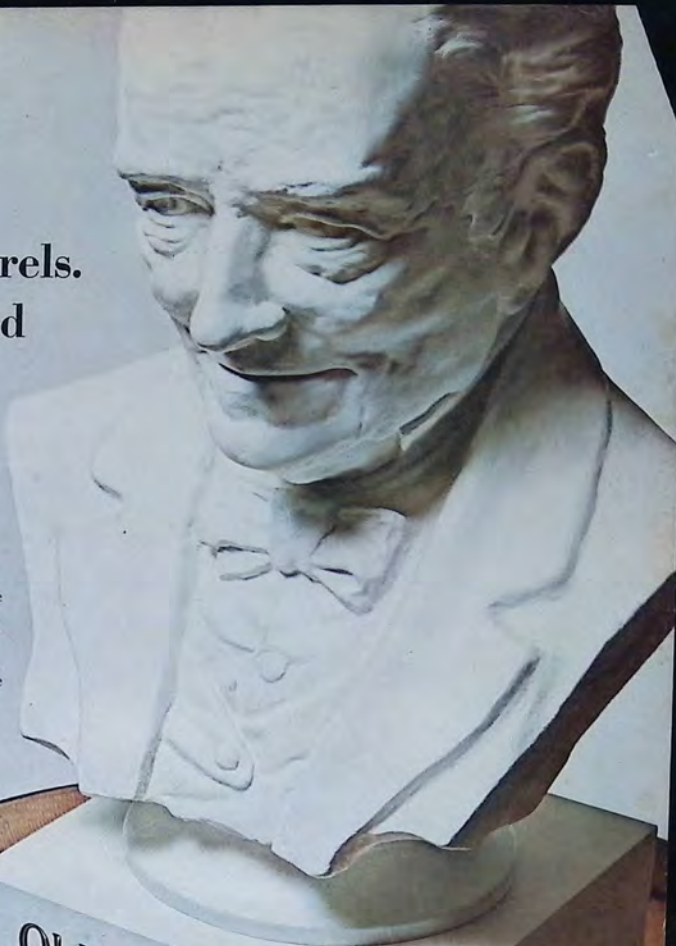
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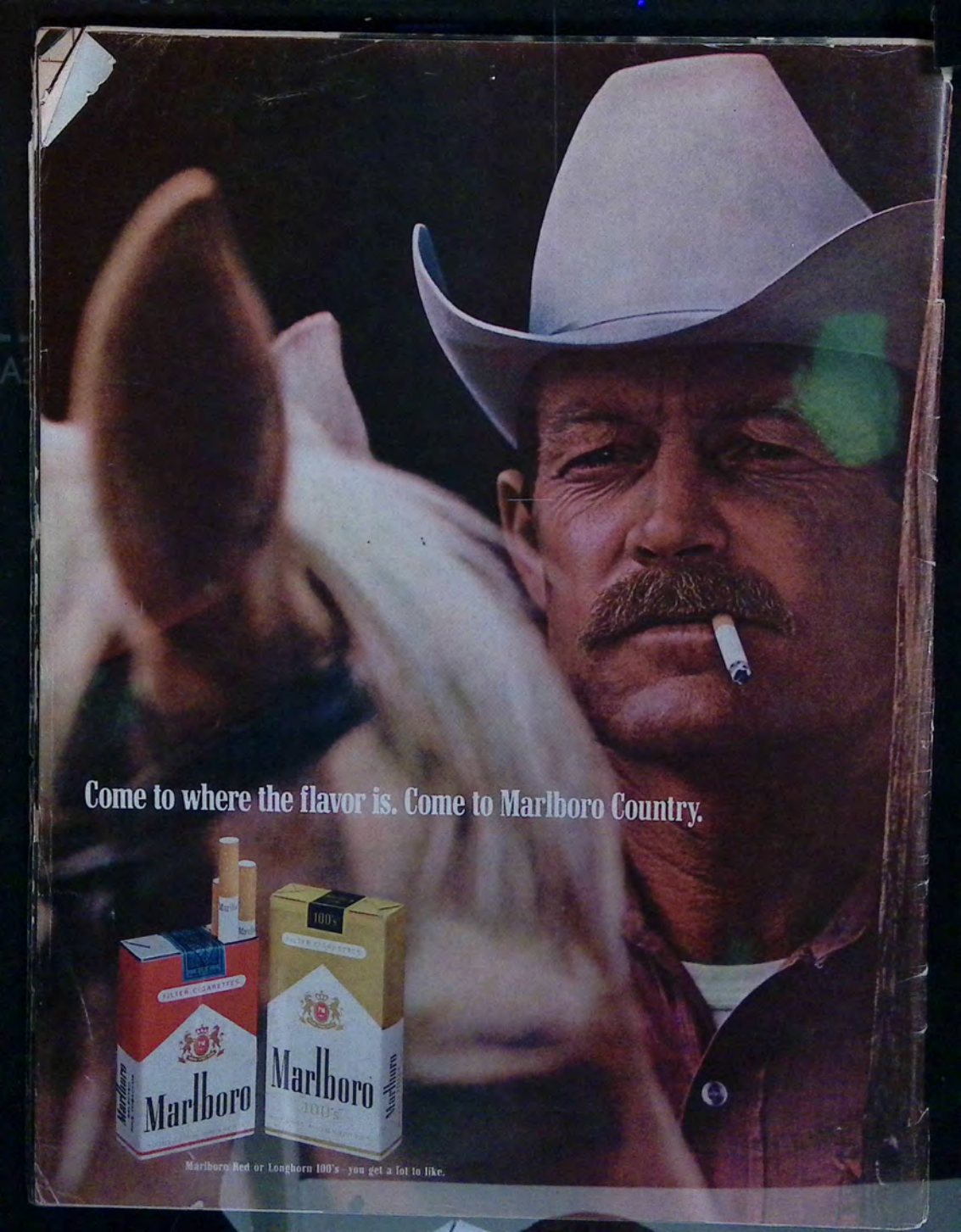


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